HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE BLAIR BILL.

THE BLAIR bill has been introduced into the Senate for the third time, and it is supposed that it will pass that body, although perhaps Senator HAWLEY and one or two other Republicans, who regard the principle of the bill as un-American and unsound, may decline to support it. The bill proposes to appropriate $77,000,000 for educational purposes during a period of eight years, to be distributed among the States upon the basis of illiteracy. The intention is to aid the Southern States, in which illiteracy chiefly exists. By the census of 1880, in South Carolina about 52 per cent. of the whole number of both races were illiterates; in Mississippi and Louisiana, about 47 per cent.; in Alabama, 46; and in Georgia, 45. To aid these States, impoverished by the war, and embarrassed by the overthrow of their industrial system, and by an enormous population of freedmen of another race, seemed to be a humane and patriotic object. Moreover, the extreme disadvantage to the newly enfranchised race of ignorance, added to their poverty, in the midst of an unfriendly if not hostile white population, was so evident that the project to lessen it by national aid appealed strongly to sympathy, while the grant could be interpreted as a sign of fraternal sympathy with the States which were the chief sufferers by the civil war.

This was undoubtedly a strong and persuasive plea, and many honest people could not easily understand why other honest people should oppose the scheme, since opposition was apparently unfriendliness to the freedmen. But the matter becomes clearer if it is remembered that the situation of the illiterate States in the Union, after so complete a subversion as that of the civil war, cannot be suddenly relieved, and ought to be relieved only by a policy which assures their permanent vigor and independence as States of the Union. It is a very serious disadvantage and danger to a State that a large proportion of its citizens should be illiterate, but it is better that the illiteracy be removed gradually by methods which strengthen the self-respect and reliance of the State than more rapidly by means which morally weaken it, and tend to render it a burden rather than a bulwark of the Union. The first duty and instinct of a healthy and public-spirited State is to provide for the education of its children. Now in the Southern States a large proportion of the illiteracy is among the older freedmen, who practically will derive no benefit from the bill, while in all of them there is a steady improvement in the schools and a very great advance in the educational situation since the time before the war. In the Southern States the percentage of children of the school age who attend school approaches that in the Northern States, and those laws of local progress and power are plainly at work upon which the permanent welfare of the States depends, and which the BLAIR bill would obstruct and paralyze.

The effect of the bill would be, as the *Evening Post*, in a series of able articles upon the subject, truly says, to promote mendicancy. It would lead the States to rely upon the national government for the support of their educational systems, and to diminish their own taxation for the purpose. It would foster the habit of looking to that government for the furtherance of objects which should depend upon its own sagacity and means, and there could be no more fatal injury to our national system than such conscious dependence of the States. It would encourage every State to take the same disastrous view, and justify the accumulation and maintenance of an immense surplus to supply such demands, with all the injustice and corruption and disregard of the fundamental principle of the government—namely, self-governing States in an indissoluble national Union—which necessarily spring from the theory of a surplus for distribution. Moreover, as a means of especially relieving the illiteracy of the freedmen, the result of the bill would be obviously doubtful. Under our system nothing seems to be plainer than that the great problem of the Southern States, the relation of the two races, must be worked out by the States themselves. That this is better for all the States and for the colored people we believe to be not only the more intelligent opinion in this part of the country, but among the colored people themselves in the Southern States. This is not to deny that they have much to bear, and that they may justly appeal for sympathy and support to the sentiment of other States as a means of affecting the local sentiment of their own States. But that Congress, by paying the taxes of these States, or by regulating and supervising the elections in them, as now proposed in some quarters, can adjust happily the relations of the races, we do not believe.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

THE catastrophe of Mr. LINCOLN'S assassination lay chiefly in its effect upon the policy of reconstruction. Had he lived, there would have been none of the black codes in the Southern States after the war, and the apparent necessity of enfranchising those who were notoriously and absolutely unfit for political responsibility would not have existed. The view of Mr. LINCOLN, of Governor ANDREW of Massachusetts, and of other wise and devoted Republicans, was that the work of reconstruction, to be effective, must be the result of the cordial co-operation of the leaders upon both sides. It was worse than idle, they thought, to leave out of the account the intelligence, the property, the experience, the ability, the actual leadership, the Anglo-Saxon and American element, of the South, and to attempt reconstruction without them. The course which would have been taken in accordance with this wise, comprehensive and patriotic view of the situation was frustrated by the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN, and the succession to him of Mr. JOHNSON, a Tennessee Democrat whom Republicans distrusted, and in whom the Southern leaders supposed they had providentially found an ally to enable them to save all that could be saved of the old order.

The rupture between Mr. JOHNSON and the Republican party, and the mad legislation of the Southern States in regard to the freedmen, with the unwillingness of the Northern States to maintain a Territorial or temporary condition in the South, led to the scheme of reconstruction including the enfranchisement of the freedmen as the best guarantee of their rights. This was followed by military occupation and the carpet-bag epoch, ending in the solid and supreme ascendency of the white citizens, secured at first by violence, and now maintained by election laws and by the large abstention of the colored vote in some districts, although elsewhere, as in Virginia, it is divided and freely cast, or is not large enough to menace the general result. The situation is one of extreme difficulty, but Congress saw the impracticability of trying to subject intelligence and civilization to ignorance and barbarism led by local knavery, and decided that the solution of the question could be most wisely left to the communities themselves. That was the conclusion of a Republican Administration, and it has been generally approved. Without denying the fact that the colored vote in some Southern communities is not free, the conviction of intelligent Northern citizens undoubtedly is that the remedy does not lie in national interference.

The reason is obvious. If the national government should assume the supervision of elections in the Southern States, and assure the colored voters of armed protection, what would be gained? There would be no considerable increase of the colored vote because of the relations of the two races, which would not be changed by such a law. The relations of the races in the Southern States are determined by causes which could not be affected by enabling colored citizens to vote under guards of United States soldiers, and every colored man would consider how the national supervision of the polls would affect his comfort and his advantage to-morrow and all the rest of the year. There is little doubt that the more intelligent colored citizens in the Southern States would greatly regret the passage of laws which, however well intended to secure to them the free exercise of the suffrage, must necessarily deepen the difficulties of their position. A return to the policy of fifteen years ago in the Southern States would be as unwise as the English policy in Ireland seems to most Americans. The trouble is one which cannot be settled peremptorily by legislation or by force. Undoubtedly the general situation has been greatly improved in the Southern States since the change of policy which was wisely made by the Administration of Mr. HAYES. It is constantly improving, and if left to time and to the communities which are vitally and immediately concerned, the difficulties will be naturally and happily adjusted as they cannot be adjusted by the violent interference of national authority.

STATE PAYMENT OF ELECTION EXPENSES.

THERE will be no proposition before the New York Legislature this winter of greater importance than that of the State payment of election expenses. The reasons for such a law have been fully stated and are generally understood, and there has been no serious adverse argument. There is no greater abuse than the corrupt use of money at elections. Its consequences are far-reaching, because it is a blow at the fundamental principle of the government. It changes an election from an honest expression of the popular will into a vast fraud, and shakes respect for law and the sense of its paramount obligation by the conviction that it is not the real wish and purpose of the people. The whole artificial scheme of management of elections and the party organization known as the machine is sustained by the large sums of money raised under the plea of necessary party expenses. The enormous assessments upon candidates, which are practically equivalent to selling nominations at auction, are made under the same plea, and are parts of the same gross abuse. The relaxation of probity, and the feeling that a man is a fool who goes into politics without "making it pay," extend from the caucus and the polls to the Legislature, and to the appearance and activity of a powerful lobby, or an organized agency of corruption, whenever important legislation affecting great moneyed interests is pending.

The abuse has now become so evident that the necessity of its correction is admitted. Nothing has drawn public attention to it more forcibly than the exposures and trials of SHARP and the "boodle" aldermen, and nothing of late has more clearly illustrated its methods than the farcical proceedings against JOHN J. O'BRIEN in the Republican Committee of the city of New York. The business of O'BRIEN and other district leaders is to "get out votes" for the party ticket. Their method of doing it is familiar. Their arguments are not appeals to reason or sympathy. In plain English, they buy votes directly or indirectly, and the increased or diminished vote indicates no movement of public opinion whatever. The "leaders" do not transact the business for nothing, and the result has nothing to do with views of the tariff or with sympathy for wronged colored voters. It depends upon the amount of money and upon the leaders' calculation of their own interest, and there is no joke more amusing than speaking gravely of votes "got out" in this way as showing the popular verdict upon policies of administration. They show only that great sums of money have been illicitly spent, and when those who sustain the system are pushed to the wall, they reply only that the other side is just as bad, which is true, and that you must fight the devil with fire, which is false, because he understands fighting with fire better than you.

The correction of this abuse is not a party question; it is a wholly patriotic effort. Honorable Democratic candidates for the bench or for other high offices are no more desirous than Republicans of paying a year's salary to secure the salary of several years, and such candidates in both parties, as good citizens, wish to see such a prolific source of corruption dried up. The method is simple and obvious. It lies in abolishing the plea of necessary expenses by which the money is extorted. When that is done it will be known to candidates and to the public that other large contributions are probably for corrupt purposes. They are at once made suspicious, which is in itself a great gain. Undoubtedly there will be expenses of the canvass. But these are minor and calculable. The passage of such a law as has been found effective in Australia and in England, and which has been introduced in the Legislature of Michigan, will be a step of decided progress. It will be a genuine reform which no party as such would defeat, and which any journal would find it difficult candidly to oppose.

A CONDITION, NOT A THEORY.

IN the rapidly accumulating surplus the country is confronted with very serious disaster. In the midst of healthy business activity and real prosperity, the condition of which is a proper supply of currency or the medium of exchange, a steady draft is exhausting the whole business system, and in six months $140,000,000, which ought to be in active circulation, will be locked up in the Treasury. The interposition of the Secretary last autumn saved the country from panic, which is the beginning of catastrophe, and in the present situation, which is not one of wild speculation and unthrift, a panic, with all its disastrous consequences, would be monstrous. It would prove a degree of practical incapacity in American statesmanship which would be utterly discreditable. The problem how to relieve the situation—in other words, how to reduce the surplus—is how to permit money to circulate where it is indispensable instead of burying it in the earth. The President stated it very aptly

in saying, "It is a condition that confronts us, not a theory." He proceeded to indicate in what manner the condition could be met and the difficulty, or the surplus, relieved, and he was answered at once by the cry of a theory, and he was denounced as proposing free-trade.

As we have already pointed out, this assertion is untrue. Not only did the President foresee the objection and dispose of it in advance, but nothing is more evident than that the country, long accustomed to raising its revenue by indirect taxation, will not soon or readily adopt another policy. This is the view of the President, as of the country. But because the public revenue must be raised in large part by indirect taxation, must that taxation be precisely the present tariff? This is the real question. It is a condition, not a theory, with which the country has to deal. This is so plain that those who feel the condition most acutely are in full sympathy with the President and commend his general recommendations. The signs are unmistakable that there is a tendency in the situation toward a new sectional division. The interest of the great Northwest, a food-producing empire, is plainly and vigorously expressed in one of its chief journals, the Chicago *Tribune*. The editor of the *Tribune* says that he shall support the Republican candidate for the Presidency this year, but he says so because undoubtedly he believes that the Republican party will not take the extreme ground of maintaining a high tariff to the disadvantage of the agricultural interest. If high protection is desired by the anthracite coal interest of Pennsylvania, the *Pioneer-Press* of St. Paul, another of the chief journals of the Northwest, also Republican, tartly declares that such rabid protection costs the Northwest millions of dollars annually, and that the Northwestern feeling for tariff reform is strong and growing.

The farmers of the Northwest are not alarmed by the cry of free-trade, nor are those manufacturers of the East who wish the duties on raw materials to be lightened that they may be able to compete in the markets of the world. The high protectionists treat the American people as ignorant and foolish. They try to scare them by screaming British free-trade. But the cry comes with especial ill grace from Republicans, because in their early day of moral enthusiasm and power they were denounced by Whig and Democratic demagogues in the same way as abolitionists seeking to free the slaves to compete with Northern laborers. The whole antislavery movement was assailed as supported by British interests and British gold, and Mr. SEWARD's simple statement of the fact that between freedom and slavery there was an irrepressible conflict was greeted as a brutal and bloody manifesto. The Republicans, however, were not abolitionists, they were not seeking to free the slaves to compete with Northern laborers, and the antislavery movement was not supported by British gold. The quiet intelligence and good sense which saw that fact is quite capable of seeing that to demand the reduction of the surplus by relaxing taxes which restrict American industry and enterprise is not to advocate free-trade. The condition which confronts us is a surplus, the source of business disasters which are perfectly well understood, and of enormous corruption. That condition is fully comprehended by the country, and it is plain that the cry of British free-trade will not persuade the Northwest, at least, that reduction of the surplus by diminishing the tariff is fatal to its domestic industries.

A WORD IN SEASON.

AN admirable little circular has just been issued by the Massachusetts Civil Service Reform League, which answers conclusively in a brief and pointed way some of the more familiar objections to reform. The circular appears simultaneously with the appointment by Speaker CARLISLE of Mr. CLEMENTS, of Georgia, an open enemy of the reform, as chairman of the committee upon the subject in the House. The Speaker says, according to a report in the *Herald*, that he is utterly ignorant of the views of Mr. CLEMENTS upon the question. But he was probably not utterly ignorant of Mr. MILLS's views and Mr. RANDALL's views upon the subjects intrusted to the committees of which they are respectively chairmen. The circular comes also simultaneously with the renewal of the project of Mr. WHEELER, of Alabama, in the House, practically to repeal the reform law by opening the whole eligible list for appointment.

The Massachusetts circular says truly that the best practical plan yet offered for selections for appointment, if the old system of selection by personal favor or political pressure is to be discarded, is open competition, with probation of actual service. The objection that it is English and aristocratic is disposed of by the statement of the simple fact that the reform in England was begun to free the offices from aristocratic control, and is sustained by the great body of the people because it enables a poor youth without political or aristocratic favor to enter the public service upon his proved merit. The objection that it makes the service an asylum for college graduates is disposed of by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of the candidates who have passed the examination in Massachusetts have had only a common-school education.

The objection that absurd questions are asked is disposed of by the fact that the stories of such questions when specifically stated have been followed up and disproved; by the fact that general questions in history and geography are now omitted by the Massachusetts Commission; and that the questions have especial reference to the duties, and are, of course, entirely different for different kinds of places. In the same way different weight is given to the same subjects in examinations for different positions. Spelling and handwriting are of great weight in an examination for clerks, but for police service experience, physical qualifications, knowledge of police duties, are of great weight, but writing is required only to be legible. The theory that the reformed system diminishes interest in politics is disproved by fact, and is repugnant to common-sense. The destruction of interest in real politics—for the scramble for place is not politics—has been due to the fact that place-holders have controlled nominations and elections. The circular of the Massachusetts League is a capital tract for general distribution.

NEWS FROM STANLEY.

MR. STANLEY's name will stand high upon the roll of famous African explorers. A telegram from Berlin announces that Dr. SCHWEINFURTH in Cairo writes that he has news that STANLEY had reached EMIN Bey, whose relief was the object of his present expedition. His first expedition was designed to relieve LIVINGSTONE, and in the mean while he made a tour across the African continent, exploring the Congo, and established the Free State of the Congo. EMIN Bey is an Austrian of extraordinary accomplishment in languages, who has become a Mohammedan, and was a lieutenant of General GORDON in the government of certain provinces in the Soudan.

There he has been for ten years, and for two years he has been entirely cut off from communication with the Khedive of Egypt, but so far as known he has maintained himself and his men in severe straits with unfaltering courage. STANLEY's relief expedition also has apparently encountered great difficulties. But African explorers are heroes, and they triumph over extraordinary obstacles. Achievements like STANLEY's are honorable to human nature. They show that no man can dare a beneficent enterprise, however perilous, however remote and hidden, that other men of a kindred spirit will not follow. There is no continent so dark that some STANLEY will not open it to the light of common knowledge, no arctic or equatorial problem which human skill and courage will not solve.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

AN important and interesting meeting of superintendents of public schools, in which every part of the country will be ably represented, will be held in Washington on the 14th, 15th, and 16th of February, for the comparison of views upon certain practical questions regarding education. The first day will be occupied with discussions upon the questions of manual training in the public schools, of the purpose of county institutes and the best methods of securing it, and of the place of elocution in education. The second day opens with a paper by State Superintendent DRAPER, of New York, upon the method of determining the qualifications of teachers, with a discussion by the State Superintendents of Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Mississippi, and Louisiana. In the afternoon and evening the adequacy of the present Normal School system and the question of moral training in the schools will be discussed.

On Thursday President ELIOT, of Harvard University, will speak on keeping down the average age of graduation from public primary, grammar, and high schools respectively, and on shortening the whole period from the beginning of the primary to the end of the high-school course. The United States Commissioner of Education will speak of Alaska; the City Superintendent of Minneapolis, upon the superintendent and teacher; a discussion will follow upon the relation of the superintendent and teacher to the school; and the conference will close with a debate upon national aid to education.

These are all questions of the greatest practical value, and a comparison of views is most desirable. Arrangements for reduced rates of travel will be made, and we trust that some means will be devised for putting at least an abstract of the views expressed in the hands of as many teachers in the country as possible. There is no department in which routine tends to become more rigid than in that of education, and none needs more the constant agitation of vigorous discussion.

OUR EXPORT TRADE.

ANOTHER and admirable method of developing and aiding American industry and enterprise is contemplated by the United States Export Almanac Publishing Company, of which Mr. CARL SCHURZ is president, and which has the countenance of the State Department, and promises to be of the utmost service in the most legitimate manner. The purpose is to publish one or more volumes of short essays on the products of our farms, our mines, and our manufacturing industries, with the advertisements, in English, Spanish, German, and French, of export houses which wish to make themselves known abroad. Some twenty thousand copies of the work will be placed at the disposal of the State Department, which will assist in its distribution through our consular agencies.

The government, of course, will have no pecuniary responsibility or interest in the enterprise, and the essays upon the various branches of American production will be general, and not in the interest of any firm or business organization. The enterprise is designed to collect material for the improvement of our export trade, to show what American producers can furnish for the markets of the world, to encourage American competition with foreign markets, and to call the attention of foreign capital to the opportunities of sound and profitable business with this country.

This is obviously a national and patriotic object, for which the adherents of every view of political economy can co-operate, and in fact the essays will be contributed by protectionists and revenue reformers of every degree. The work will afford a comprehensive picture of American productiveness, like similar works issued in Germany, Austria, and Italy, to the acknowledged benefit of the export trade of those countries; and our own export trade, which is capable of much greater development, cannot fail to be greatly benefited by the successful execution of the scheme.

PERSONAL.

BETWEEN the writing of the article on "The Share of America in Westminster Abbey" and the time of its publication in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for January, Canon FARRAR's wish respecting a memorial to MILTON was fulfilled. Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, presented a truly beautiful window to MILTON's memory to the Church of St. Margaret's, which is the church of the House of Commons, and is close beside the Abbey. This church teems with historical reminiscences, especially as regards the days of the Commonwealth. Any American who now visits it will see three windows presented by the munificence of his fellow-countrymen: the great west window, in memory of RALEIGH, given entirely by American subscribers; the MILTON window, next to it, and forming a pendant to the window given by the House of Commons in memory of Lord FREDERIC CAVENDISH; and a window in memory of Lady ARABELLA STUART (who died in the Tower in 1615), mainly the gift of Mrs. ARABELLA STUART BOWEN, of Harvard.

—DE WITT J. SELIGMAN, discussing in his paper, *The Epoch*, the present harmony existing among the trunk lines, pays this compliment to Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN: "In all this work the master mind has been that well-known and experienced banker Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN. Every important movement that has been made was at his direction. The result stamps him as one of the most successful negotiators and organizers in the railroad and financial world. In fact, there were probably not two men in the country who could have accomplished what he has done."

—The unique spectacle that Republican Brother ALF and Democratic Brother BOB TAYLOR gave a year and a half or so ago, when they went stumping all over Tennessee as rival candidates for that State's Governorship, is mildly revived this winter by a lecturing tour that both are making through Tennessee's rural districts. They are not on the platform for personal revenue only, however. They draw crowds, both of them, and both of them turn over the door-keeper's wallet to local charities. It isn't only Tennessee that could stand this sort of rivalry.

—President DWIGHT, of Yale, is one of the ardent believers in pedestrianism as a health-giver and preserver; and a long daily walk is a luxury that he insists upon enjoying, however busy he may chance to be.

—Sensational reports have lately suggested that Major-General TERRY was so dangerously sick that our army was likely soon to mourn his death. General TERRY temporarily is suffering somewhat from indigestion; that is all.

—Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD, head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, proposes that the public buy the early home of WHITTIER for preservation as "a shrine for patriotic Americans." Cash subscriptions are already offered in support of the project.

—"The Dramatic Outlook in America" occupies the Nineteenth Century Club this week, Thursday evening's speakers being J. M. HILL, STEELE MACKAYE, BRANDER MATTHEWS, and E. A. DITHMAR—opinions coming thus from the various and varied stand-points of manager, author, and critic.

—JAY COOKE has become not an unfamiliar figure in Wall Street again. He is a millionaire once more, say the financial gossips. The old soft white felt hat is still one of his badges of identification.

—LEWIS MCCABE was a farmer in Virginia when the war broke out, and the battle of Manassas was partly fought in his fields. His home was riddled, his farm was ruined. He moved to a distant part of the State—to Appomattox—and there in his fields again he saw the fight renewed, and his home was sacrificed in the last battle of the war, as it had been in the first.

—The Rev. Dr. MCGLYNN in his anti-poverty crusade is calling the Pope names. Ten years ago, when Pope LEO was chosen to the pontificate, Dr. MCGLYNN became exceedingly enthusiastic, and prepared a eulogy for publication, saying of the new head of his Church: "He is guided by a high sense of duty. His election is a blessing to the Church and the world." Now "a bag of bones" and "the old lady in Rome" are Father MCGLYNN's substituted phrases. Politics does add zest to a vocabulary.

—Four years ago HENRY E. ABBEY gave New York a season of Italian opera that involved him and his partner, Mr. SCHOEFFEL, in grave difficulties, leaving them loaded with a debt of $283,000. Everything was gone but pluck. The managers went to work anew. They promised to creditors that in time every penny of the indebtedness should be paid. Observers generally hailed this as an idle boast. It seemed a task impossible. But already the promise is kept, and the extinguishment of all that big debt is accomplished. The last payment has just been made, and there can hardly be a man in the theatrical business or any other business happier to-day than HENRY E. ABBEY.

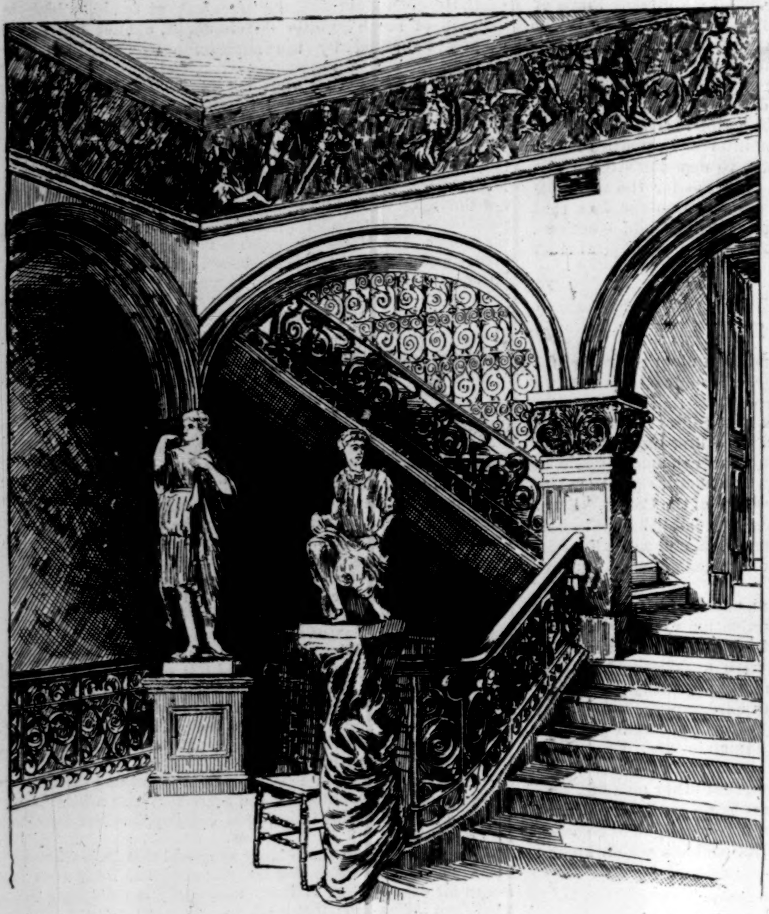
—JACQUES WISSLER, who died recently in Camden, New Jersey, engraved nearly all the plates from which the money and bonds of the Southern Confederacy were printed. He was, strange to say, a man of strong Northern sympathies; but he happened to be at the South at the breaking out of the civil war, and the Confederacy availed itself of his talents, whether he would or no. Mr. WISSLER was born in Strasburg and educated in Paris, coming to this country in 1849.

—The house and lands of the late Confederate General ROBERT TOOMBS, in Georgia, were sold at auction recently for a very small sum. The property was cut up into lots, and it fell into the hands of General TOOMBS's relatives, who wanted it more for association's sake than for its intrinsic value.

—The Columbia College Library, under the administration of MELVIL DEWEY, has the reputation of being the best managed library in the world. Everything that Mr. DEWEY can suggest for the comfort or convenience of the library's visitors is gotten at once. Writing materials are furnished, and light meals even are supplied to those students who are too engrossed in their work to leave it long enough to visit a restaurant.

—The Rev. DAVID LATHROP HUNN, of Sandwich, New York, aged ninety-eight, is said to be the oldest living graduate of Yale College, and the oldest clergyman in the United States. Mr. HUNN is six feet in height, straight as an arrow, and does not look a day over seventy. He is blind, but all his other faculties are in excellent condition.

—JOHN H. INMAN, New York's chief apostle in the development of the New South, was entertained at a complimentary dinner in Atlanta a week or more ago, where (apropos of the New York guest's never-failing devotion to Dixie and her enterprises) General ALEXANDER, President of the Georgia Central Railroad, a chronic teller of good war stories, recalled an incident of the terrible day at Petersburg when the explosion of the crater blew a whole line of his regiment into the air. "It was a pitiful scene," said the General. "Soldiers lay wounded and killed, dead or dying, all around. We who survived worked hard digging out victims from under the hills of débris, and finally we came upon one man who had been entirely buried. He presented a sorry spectacle as we pulled him out, but he only paid enough attention to himself to rub the dirt from his eyes as he exclaimed, 'Say, boys, have we tuck them, or have they tuck us?'"



THE ENTRANCE HALL.

ROOM IX., OPENING ON ENTRANCE HALL.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE BUILDING ON MICHIGAN AVENUE AND MUNROE STREET.

THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 43.]

"THE NATIVES NOW ALL CROWDED AROUND US, MAKING MANY STRANGE GESTURES."

A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER.*

IV.

THE SIGHT OF HUMAN BEINGS.

THE sight of human beings, thus unexpectedly found, filled us with strange feelings—feelings which I cannot explain. The country was still iron-bound and dark and forbidding, and the stream ran on in a strong current, deep, black as ink, and resistless as fate; the sky behind was lighted up by the volcanic glare which still shone from afar; and in front the view was bounded by the icy heights of a mountain chain. Here was indeed a strange country for human habitation; and strange, indeed, were the human beings whom we saw.

"Shall we land?" said Agnew.

"Oh no," said I. "Don't be hasty. The elements are sometimes kinder than men, and I feel safer here, even in this river of death, than ashore with such creatures as those."

Agnew made no reply. We watched the figures on the shore. We saw them coming down, staring and gesticulating. We drew on nearer to them till we were able to see them better. A nearer view did not improve them. They were human beings, certainly, but of such an appalling aspect that they could only be likened to animated mummies. They were small, thin, shrivelled, black, with long matted hair and hideous faces. They all had long spears, and wore about the waist short skirts that seemed to be made of the skin of some sea-fowl.

We could not imagine how these creatures lived, or where. There were no signs of vegetation of any kind—not a tree or a shrub. There were no animals; but there were great flocks of birds, some of which seemed different from anything that we had ever seen before. The long spears which the natives carried might possibly be used for catching these, or for fishing purposes. This thought made them seem less formidable, since they would thus be instruments of food rather than weapons of war. Meanwhile we drifted on as before, and the natives watched us, running along the shore abreast of us, so as to keep up with the boat. There seemed over a hundred of them. We could see no signs of any habitations—no huts, however humble; but we concluded that their abodes were farther inland. As for the natives themselves, the longer we looked at them the more abhorrent they grew. Even the wretched aborigines of Van Dieman's Land, who have been classed lowest in the scale of humanity, were pleasing and congenial when compared with these, and the land looked worse than Tierra del Fuego. It looked like a land of iron, and its inhabitants like fiends.

Agnew again proposed to land, but I refused.

"No," I said; "I'd rather starve for a week, and live on hope. Let us drift on. If we go on we may have hope if we choose, but if we land here we shall lose even that. Can we hope for anything from such things as these? Even if they prove friendly, can we live among them? To stay here is worse than death; our only hope is to go on."

Agnew made no reply, and we drifted on for two hours, still followed by the natives. They made no hostile demonstrations. They merely watched us, apparently from motives of curiosity. All this time we were drawing steadily nearer to the line of lofty mountains, which with their icy crests rose before us like an inaccessible and impassable barrier, apparently closing up all farther progress; nor was there any indication of any pass or any opening, however narrow, through which the great stream might run. Nothing was there but one unbroken wall of iron cliffs and icy summits. At last we saw that the sloping shores grew steeper, until about a mile or two before us they changed to towering cliffs that rose up on each side for about a thousand feet above the water; here the stream ran, and became lost to view as completely as though swallowed up by the earth.

"We can go no farther," said Agnew. "See—this stream seems to make a plunge there into the mountains. There must be some deep cañon there with cataracts. To go on is certain death. We must stop here, if only to deliberate. Say, shall we risk it among these natives? After all, there is not, perhaps, any danger among them. They are little creatures and seem harmless. They are certainly not very good-looking; but then, you know, appearances often deceive, and the devil's not so black as he's painted. What do you say?"

"I suppose we can do nothing else," said I.

In fact, I could see that we had reached a crisis in our fate. To go on seemed certain death. To stop was our only alternative; and as we were armed we should not be altogether at the mercy of these creatures. Having made this decision we acted upon it at once, for in such a current there was no time for delay; and so, seizing the oars, we soon brought the boat ashore.

As we approached, the crowd of natives stood awaiting us, and looked more repulsive than ever. We could see the emaciation of their bony frames; their toes and fingers were like birds' claws; their eyes were small and dull and weak, and sunken in cavernous hollows, from which they looked at us like corpses—a horrible sight. They stood quietly, however, and without any hostile demonstration, holding their spears carelessly resting upon the ground.

"I don't like the looks of them," said I. "I think I had better fire a gun."

"Why?" cried Agnew. "For Heaven's sake, man, don't hurt any of them!"

"Oh no," said I; "I only mean to inspire a little wholesome respect."

Saying this I fired in the air. The report rang out with long echoes, and as the smoke swept away it showed us all the natives on the ground. They had seated themselves with their hands crossed on their laps, and there they sat looking at us as before, but with no manifestation of fear or even surprise. I had expected to see them run, but there was nothing of the kind. This puzzled us. Still, there was no time now for any further hesitation. The current was sweeping us toward the chasm between the cliffs, and we had to land without delay. This we did, and as I had another barrel still loaded and a pistol, I felt that with these arms and those of Agnew we should be able to defend ourselves. It was in this state of mind that we landed, and secured the boat by means of the grappling-iron.

The natives now all crowded around us, making many strange gestures, which we did not understand. Some of them bowed low, others prostrated themselves; on the whole these seemed like marks of respect, and it occurred to me that they regarded us as superior beings of some sort. It was evident that there was nothing like hostility in their minds. At the same time, the closer survey which I now made of them filled me with renewed horror; their meagre frames, small, watery, lack-lustre eyes, hollow, cavernous sockets, sunken cheeks, protruding teeth, claw-like fingers, and withered skins all made them look more than ever like animated mummies, and I shrank from them involuntarily, as one shrinks from contact with a corpse.

Agnew, however, was very different, and it was evident that he felt no repugnance whatever. He bowed and smiled at them, and shook hands with half a dozen of them in succession. The hand-shaking was a new thing to them, but they accepted it in a proper spirit, and renewed their bows and prostrations. After this they all offered us their lances. This certainly seemed like an act of peace and good-will. I shook my head and declined to touch them; but Agnew accepted one of them, and offered his rifle in return. The one to whom he offered it refused to take it. He seemed immensely gratified because Agnew had taken his lance, and the others seemed disappointed at his refusal to take theirs. But I felt my heart quake as I saw him offer his rifle, and still more when he offered it to one or two others, and only regained my composure as I perceived that his offer was refused by all.

They now made motions to us to follow, and we all set forth together.

"My dear More," said Agnew, cheerily, "they're not a bad lot. They mean well. They can't help their looks. You're too suspicious and reserved. Let's make friends with them, and get them to help us. Do as I do."

I tried to, but found it impossible, for my repugnance was immovable. It was like the horror which one feels toward rats, cockroaches, earwigs, or serpents. It was something that defied reason. These creatures seemed like human vermin.

We marched inland for about half a mile, crossed a ridge, and came to a valley, or rather a kind of hollow, at the other side of which we found a cave with a smouldering fire in front. The fire was made of coal, which must exist here somewhere. It was highly bituminous, and burned with a great blaze.

The day was now drawing to a close; far away I could see the lurid glow of the volcanoes, which grew brighter as the day declined; above, the skies twinkled with innumerable stars, and the air was filled with the moan of rushing waters.

We entered the cave. As we did so the natives heap-

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1620.

ed coal upon the fire, and the flames arose lighting up the interior. We found here a number of women and children, who looked at us without either fear or curiosity. The children looked like little dwarfs; the women were hags, hideous beyond description. One old woman in particular, who seemed to be in authority, was actually terrible in her awful and repulsive ugliness. A nightmare dream never furnished forth a more frightful object. This nightmare hag prostrated herself before each of us with such an air of self-immolation that she looked as though she wished us to kill her at once. The rough cave, the red light of the fire, all made the scene more awful; and a wild thought came to me that we had actually reached, while yet living, the infernal world, and that this was the abode of devils. Yet their actions, it must be confessed, were far from devilish. Every one seemed eager to serve us. Some spread out couches formed of the skins of birds for us to sit on; others attended to the fire; others offered us gifts of large and beautiful feathers, together with numerous trinkets of rare and curious workmanship. This kind attention on their part was a great puzzle to me, and I could not help suspecting that beneath all this there must be some sinister design. Resolving to be prepared for the worst, I quietly reloaded the empty barrel of my rifle and watched with the utmost vigilance. As for Agnew, he took it all in the most unsuspicious manner. He made signs to them, shook hands with them, accepted their gifts, and even tried to do the agreeable to the formidable hags and the child-fiends around him. He soon attracted the chief attention, and while all looked admiringly upon him I was left to languish in comparative neglect.

At length a savory odor came through the cave, and a repast was spread before us. It consisted of some large fowl that looked like a goose, but was twice as large as the largest turkey that I had ever seen. The taste was like that of a wild-goose, but rather fishy. Still to us it seemed delicious, for our prolonged diet of raw seal had made us ready to welcome any other food whatever; and this fowl, whatever it was, would not have been unwelcome to any hungry man. It was evident that these people lived on the flesh of birds of various sorts. All around us we saw the skins of birds dried with the feathers on, and used for clothing, for mats, and for ornaments.

The repast being finished, we both felt greatly strengthened and refreshed. Agnew continued to cultivate his new acquaintances, and seeing me holding back, he said,

"More, old fellow, these good people give me to understand that there is another place better than this, and want me to go with them. Will you go?"

At this a great fear seized me.

"Don't go!" I cried—"don't go! We are close by the boat here, and if anything happens we can easily get to it."

Agnew laughed in my face.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me," said he, "that you are still suspicious, and after that dinner? Why, man, if they wanted to harm us, would they feast us in this style? Nonsense, man! Drop your suspicions and come along."

I shook my head obstinately.

"Well," said he, "if I thought there was anything in your suspicions I would stay by you; but I'm confident they mean nothing but kindness, so I'm going off to see the place."

"You'll be back again?" said I.

"Oh yes," said he, "of course I'll come back, and sleep here."

With these words he left, and nearly all the people accompanied him. I was left behind with the women and children and about a dozen men. These men busied themselves with some work over bird-skins; the women were occupied with some other work over feathers. No one took any notice of me. There did not seem to be any restraint upon me, nor was I watched in any way. Once the nightmare hag came and offered me a small roasted fowl, about the size of a woodcock. I declined it, but at the same time this delicate attention certainly surprised me.

I was now beginning to struggle with some success against my feelings of abhorrence, when suddenly I caught sight of something which chased away every other thought, and made my blood turn cold in my veins. It was something outside. At the mouth of the cave—by the fire which was still blazing bright, and lighting up the scene—I saw four men who had just come to the cave: they were carrying something which I at first supposed to be a sick or wounded companion. On reaching the fire they put it down, and I saw, with a thrill of dismay, that their burden was neither sick nor wounded, but dead, for the corpse lay rigid as they had placed it. Then I saw the nightmare hag approach it with a knife. An awful thought came to me—the crowning horror! The thought soon proved to be but too well founded. The nightmare hag began to cut, and in an instant had detached the arm of the corpse, which she thrust among the coals in the very place where lately she had cooked the fowl. Then she went back for more.

For a moment my brain reeled, and I gasped for breath. Then I rose and staggered out, I know not how. No one tried to stop me, nor did any one follow me; and for my part I was ready to blow out the brains of the first who dared to approach me. In this way I reached the open air, and passed by the hag and the four men as they were busy at their awful work. But at this point I was observed and followed. A number of men and women came after me, jabbering their uncouth language and gesticulating. I warned them off angrily. They persisted, and though none of them were armed, yet I saw that they were unwilling to have me leave the cave, and I supposed that they would try to prevent me by force.

The absence of Agnew made my position a difficult one. Had it not been for this I would have burst through them and fled to the boat; but as long as he was away I felt bound to wait; and though I longed to fly, I could not for his sake. The boat seemed to be a haven of rest. I longed to be in her once more, and drift away, even if it should be to my death. Nature was here less terrible than man; and it seemed better to drown in the waters, to perish amid rocks and whirlpools, than to linger here amid such horrors as these. These people were not like human beings. The vilest and lowest savages that I had ever seen were not so odious as these. A herd of monkeys would be far more congenial, a flock of wolves less abhorrent. They had the caricature of the human form; they were the lowest of humanity; their speech was a mockery of language; their faces devilish, their kindness a cunning pretence; and most hideous of all was the nightmare hag that prepared the cannibal repast.

I could not begin hostilities, for I had to wait for Agnew; so I stood and looked, and then walked away for a little distance. They followed me closely, with eager words and gesticulations, though as yet no one touched me or threatened me. Their tone seemed rather one of persuasion. After a few paces I stood still, with all of them around me. The horrible repast showed plainly all that was in store for us. They received us kindly and fed us well only to devote us to the most abhorrent of deaths. Agnew, in his mad confidence, was only insuring his own doom. He was putting himself completely in the power of devils, who were incapable of pity and strangers to humanity. To make friends with such fiends was impossible, and I felt sure that our only plan was to rule by terror—to seize, to slay, to conquer. But still I had to wait for him, and did not dare to resort to violence while he was absent; so I waited, while the savages gathered round me, contenting themselves with guarding me, and neither touching me nor threatening me. And all this time the hag went on, intent on her preparation of the horrible repast.

While standing there looking, listening, waiting for Agnew, I noticed many things. Far away the volcanoes blazed, and the northern sky was red with a lurid light. There, too, higher up, the moon was shining overhead, the sky was gleaming with stars; and all over the heavens there shone the lustre of the aurora australis, brighter than any I had ever seen—surpassing the moon and illuminating all. It lighted up the haggard faces of the devils around me, and it again seemed to me as though I had died and gone to the land of woe—an iron land, a land of despair, with lurid fires all aglow and faces of fear.

Suddenly there burst upon my ears the report of a gun, which sounded like a thunder-peal, and echoed in long reverberations. At once I understood it. My fears had proved true. These savages had enticed Agnew away to destroy him. In an instant I burst through the crowd around me, and ran wildly in the direction of that sound, calling his name, as I ran, at the top of my voice.

I heard a loud cry; then another report. I hurried on, shouting his name in a kind of frenzy. The strange courage of these savages had already impressed me deeply. They did not fear our guns. They were all attacking him, and he was alone, fighting for his life.

Then there was another report; it was his pistol. I still ran on, and still shouted to him.

At last I received an answer. He had perhaps heard me, and was answering, or, at any rate, he was warning me.

"More," he cried, "fly, fly, fly to the boat! Save yourself!"

"Where are you?" I cried, as I still rushed on.

"Fly, More, fly! Save yourself! You can't save me. I'm lost. Fly for your life!"

Judging from his cries, he did not seem far away. I hurried on. I could see nothing of him. All the time the savages followed me. None were armed; but it seemed to me that they were preparing to fling themselves upon me and overpower me with their numbers. They would capture me alive, I thought, bind me, and carry me back, reserving me for a future time!

I turned and waved them back. They took no notice of my gesture. Then I ran on once more. They followed. They could not run so fast as I did, and so I gained on them rapidly, still shouting to Agnew. But there was no response. I ran backward and forward, crossing and recrossing, doubling and turning, pursued all the time by the savages. At last, in rage and despair, I fired upon them, and one of them fell. But, to my dismay, the others did not seem to care one whit; they did not stop for one moment, but pursued as before.

My situation was now plain in all its truth. They had enticed Agnew away; they had attacked him. He had fought, and had been overpowered. He had tried to give me warning. His last words had been for me to fly—to fly: yes, for he well knew that it was better far for me to go to death through the raging torrent than to meet the fate which had fallen upon himself. For him there was now no more hope. That he was lost was plain. If he were still alive he would call to me; but his voice had been silenced for some time. All was over, and that noble heart that had withstood so bravely and cheerily the rigors of the storm and the horrors of our desperate voyage had been stilled in death by the vilest of miscreants.

I paused for a moment. Even though Agnew was dead, I could not bear to leave him, but felt as though I ought to share his fate. The savages came nearer. At their approach I hesitated no longer. That fate was too terrible: I must fly.

But before I fled I turned in fury to wreak vengeance upon them for their crimes. Full of rage and despair, I discharged my remaining rifle-barrel into the midst of the crowd. Then I fled toward the boat. On the way I had a frightful thought that she might have been sent adrift; but, on approaching the place, I found her there just as I had left her. The savages, with their usual fearlessness, still pursued. For a moment I stood on the shore, with the grapple in my hand and the boat close by, and as they came near I discharged my pistol into the midst of them. Then I sprang into the boat; the swift current bore me away, and in a few minutes the crowd of pursuing demons disappeared from view.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AT BYRON'S GRAVE.

It was near the close of a fragrant, golden day, in the summer of 1884, when, having driven out from Nottingham, I alighted in the market-place of the little town of Hucknall-Torkard, on a pilgrimage to the grave of Lord Byron. The town is modern, commonplace, almost squalid in appearance—a little straggling collection of low brick dwellings, mostly occupied by colliers. On that day it appeared at its worst; for the widest part of its main street was filled with stalls, benches, wagons, and other canvas-covered structures for the display of vegetables and other commodities, which were thus offered for sale; and still worse, it was thronged with rough, noisy, and dirty persons intent on barter and traffic, and not indisposed to boisterous pranks and mirth, as they pushed and jostled each other among the crowded booths. This main street ends at the wall of the graveyard in which stands the little gray church where Byron was buried. There is an iron gate in the centre of the wall, and in order to reach this it was necessary to thread the mazes of the market-place, and to push aside the canvas flaps of a peddler's stall which had been placed close against it. Next to the church-yard wall is a little cottage, with its bit of garden devoted in this instance to potatoes, and here, while waiting for the sexton, I fell into talk with an aged man, who, strange to say, remembered as an eye-witness the funeral of Byron.

"The oldest man he seemed that ever wore gray hairs." He said that he was eighty-two, and that his name was William Callandyne. Pointing to the church, he indicated the place of the Byron vault. "I was the last man," he said, "that went down into it before he was buried there. I was a young fellow then, and curious to see what was going on. The place was full of skulls and bones. I wish you could see my son; he's a clever lad, only he ought to have more of the *suaviter in modo*." Thus, with the garrulity of wandering age, he prattled on; but his mind was perfectly clear, and his memory obviously tenacious and positive. There is a good view from the region of Hucknall-Torkard church, and pointing into the distance, when his mind had been brought back to the subject of Byron, my venerable acquaintance now described, with minute specification of every road and lane—seeming to assume that the names and the turnings were entirely familiar to his auditor—the route of the funeral cortége from Nottingham to the church. "There were eleven carriages," he said. "They didn't go to the Abbey" (meaning Newstead), "but came directly here. There were many people out to look at them. I remember all about it, and I'm an old man—eighty-two. You're an Italian, I should say," he added, "but your friend is an Englishman." My friend was Mr. James R. Osgood, whom I had found at the pleasant George Hotel in Nottingham, and we were both well pleased to hail from Massachusetts. By this time the sexton had come and unlocked the gate, and parting from Mr. Callandyne, we presently made our way into the Church of St. James, locking the church-yard gate behind us to keep out rough and possibly mischievous followers. A strange and sad contrast, I thought, between this coarse and turbulent place, by a malign destiny ordained for the grave of Byron, and that peaceful, lovely, majestic church and precinct at Stratford-upon-Avon which enshrine the dust of Shakespeare!

The sexton of the Church of St. James and the parish clerk of Hucknall-Torkard is, or was, John Brown, and a man of sympathetic intelligence, kind heart, and interesting character I found him to be—large, dark, stalwart, but gentle alike in manner and feeling, and heartily considerate of his visitors. The pilgrim to the literary shrines of England does not always find the neighboring inhabitants either sympathetic with his impulsive reverence or conscious of any especial sanctity or interest appertaining to the relics which they possess; but honest and manly John Brown of Hucknall-Torkard perfectly well understood both the hallowing charm of the place and the sentiment, not to say the profound emotion, of the travellers who now beheld for the first time the tomb of Lord Byron. This church has been restored and altered since Byron was buried in it in 1824, yet in the main it retains its fundamental structure and its ancient peculiarities. The tower, an uncommonly fine specimen of Norman architecture, strongly built, and dark and grim, gives every indication of great age. It is of a kind often met with in ancient English towns; you may see its own brothers at Canterbury, Worcester, Warwick, and in places sprinkled over the northern heights of London; but amid its mean surroundings in this little colliery settlement it looms up with a peculiar frowning majesty, a certain bleak loneliness, both unique and impressive. The church is of the customary crucial form—a low stone structure, peak-roofed without, but finely arched within, the roof being supported by four great pillars on either side of the centre aisle, and the ceiling being fashioned of heavy timbers forming almost a true arch above the nave. There are four large windows on each side of the church and two on each side of the chancel, which is beneath a roof somewhat lower than that of the main building. Beneath the pavement of the chancel, and back of the altar rail—at which it was my privilege to kneel while gazing upon this sacred spot—is the grave of Byron. Nothing is written on the stone that covers his sepulchre except the simple name of BYRON in brass letters surrounded by a wreath of leaves in brass, the gift of the King of Greece; and never did a name seem more stately or a place more hallowed. The dust of the poet reposes between that of his mother on his right hand, and that of his Ada—"sole daughter of my house and heart"—on his left. The mother died on August 1, 1811; the daughter, who had by marriage become the Countess of Lovelace, in 1852. "I buried her with my own hands," said the sexton, John Brown, when, after a little time, he rejoined me at the altar rail. "I told them exactly where he was laid when they wanted to put that brass on the stone; I remembered it well, for I lowered the coffin of the Countess of Lovelace into this vault, and laid her by her father's side." And when presently we went into a little vestry or chapel at the left of the chancel, he produced the Register of Burials, and displayed the record of that interment in the following words: "1852. Died at 69 Cumberland Place, London. Buried, December 3. Age 36.—Curtis Jackson." The Byrons were a short-lived race. The poet himself had just turned thirty-six; his mother was only forty-six when she passed away. This name of Curtis Jackson in the register was that of the rector or curate then incumbent, but now departed. The register is a long narrow book made of parchment, and full of various crabbed handwritings—a record very similar to that which is so carefully treasured at the Church of the Holy Trinity at Stratford; but it is more dilapidated, and when I saw it was evidently on the high-road to destruction.

Another relic shown by John Brown was a bit of embroidery, or silken work of some sort, presenting the heraldic arms of the Byron family. It had been used at Byron's funeral, and thereafter was long kept in the church, though latterly with but little care. When the Rev. Curtis Jackson came there he beheld this frail memorial with pious disapprobation. "He told me," said the sexton, "to take it home and burn it. I did take it home, but I didn't burn it; and when the new rector came he heard of it, and asked me to bring it back, and a lady gave the frame to put it in." Framed it is, and likely now to be always preserved in this interesting church; and earnestly do I wish that I could remember, in order that I might speak it with honor, the name of the good clergyman who could thus rebuke idle and silly bigotry, and welcome and treasure in his church that shred of silk which once rested on the coffin of Byron. Still another relic preserved by John Brown is a large piece of card-board giving the inscription (if I rightly remember it) which is upon the coffin of the poet's mother, and which bore some part in the obsequies of that singular woman—a creature full of faults, but the parent of a mighty genius, and capable of inspiring the deepest love. On the night after Byron arrived home at Newstead, whither he repaired from London on receiving news of her illness, only to find her dead, he was found sitting in the dark and sobbing beside the corpse. "I had but one friend

in the world," he said, "and she is gone." He was soon to publish "Childe Harold," and to gain hosts of friends, and have the world at his feet; but he spoke what he felt, and he spoke the truth, in that dark room on that desolate night. Thoughts of these things, and of many other strange passages and incidents in his brief, checkered, glorious, lamentable life, thronged into my mind as I stood there in presence of those relics and so near his dust, while the church grew dark and the silence seemed to deepen in the dusk of the gathering night.

They have for some years kept a book at the church of Hucknall-Torkard in which the visitors write their names; but the catalogue of pilgrims is not a long one. The votaries of Byron are far less numerous, if not less enthusiastic, than those of Shakespeare. Custom has made the visit to Stratford "a property of easiness," and Shakespeare, of course, is a safe no less than a rightful object of worship. The visit to Hucknall-Torkard is neither so easy nor so agreeable, and it requires some courage to be a worshipper of Byron —and to own it. No day passes without bringing its visitor to the Shakespeare cottage and the Shakespeare tomb; many days pass without bringing any stranger to the Church of St. James. On the capital of a column near Byron's tomb I saw two mouldering wreaths of laurel—only two —which had hung there for years, one brought by the Bishop of Norwich, the other by the American poet Joaquin Miller. It was good to see them, and especially to see them close by the tablet of white marble which was placed on that church wall to commemorate the poet, and to be her witness in death, by his loving and beloved sister Augusta Maria Leigh—a name that is the synonym of noble fidelity, a name that in our day the most cruel detraction and the most hideous calumny have vainly done their worst to tarnish. That tablet names him "The Author of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." It is one hundred years ago, the 22d of January, since he was born, and seventy-six years ago, the 29th of February, since the first half of that great poem was published; and if the conviction, throughout the world, of men and women who think can be accepted as an authority, no name in the long annals of English literature is more certain of immortality than the name of Byron. People mention the poetry of Spenser and Cowley and Dryden and Cowper, but the poetry of Byron they read. His reputation can afford the omission of all memorial to him in Westminster Abbey, and it can endure even the neglect and censure of the precinct of Nottingham. That city rejoices in a stately castle throned upon a rock, and persons who admire the Stuarts may exult in the recollection that here the standard of Charles was first unfurled in his great war with the Parliament and people of England; but all that really hallows it for the stranger of to-day and for posterity is its association with the name of Byron. You will look in vain, however, for any sign of his past presence in that dismal place. It is difficult even to find prints or photographs of the Byron localities, in the shops of Nottingham. One dealer, from whom I bought all the Byron pictures that he had, was kind enough to explain the situation in one expressive sentence: "Much more ought to be done here about Lord Byron's memory, and that is the truth; but the fact is, the first families of the county don't approve of him."

When we came again into the church-yard, with its many scattered graves and its quaint stones and crosses leaning every way and huddled in a strange kind of orderly confusion, the great dark tower stood out bold and solitary in the gloaming, and a chill wind of evening had begun to moan around its little spires, and through its mysterious belfry windows, and in the few trees near by, which gave forth a mournful whisper. It was hard to leave the place, and for a long time we stood near the chapel, just above the outer wall of the Byron vault. And here the sexton told us the story of the White Lady—pointing, as he spoke, to a cottage abutting on the church-yard, one window in which commands an easy view of the place of Byron's grave. "There she lived," he said, "and there she died, and there" (pointing to an unmarked grave near the pathway, about thirty feet from the Byron vault) "I buried her." It is impossible to give all his words, or to indicate his earnest, solemn manner. In brief, this lady, whose story no one knew, had taken up her residence in this cottage long subsequent to the burial of Byron, and had remained there until she died. She was very pale and thin, quite handsome, and she always wore white garments. Her face was often to be seen at that window, whether by night or day, and she seemed to be watching the tomb. Once, when masons were repairing the church wall, she was enabled to descend into that vault, and therefrom she obtained a skull, which she declared to be Lord Byron's, and which she scraped and polished and made perfectly white, and kept always beneath her pillow. It was her request, often made to the sexton, that she might be buried in the church-yard close to the wall of the poet's tomb. "When at last she died," said John Brown, "they brought that skull to me, and I buried it up there in the ground. It was one of the loose skulls from the old vault. She thought it was Byron's, and it pleased her to think so. I might have laid her close to this wall. I don't know why I didn't."

In those words the sexton's story ended. It was only one more of the myriad hints of that romance which the life and poetry of Byron have so widely created and diffused. I glanced around for some relic of the place that might properly be taken away: there was neither an ivy leaf blooming upon the wall nor a single flower growing in all that ground; but into a crevice of the rock, just above his tomb, the wind had at some time blown a little earth, and in this a few blades of grass were thinly rooted. These I gathered, and still possess, as a memento of an evening at Byron's grave. WILLIAM WINTER.

CHICAGO'S ART INSTITUTE.

CHICAGO has taken a long forward stride in the matter of art culture—a permanent public collection of sculpture and paintings, a school for the instruction of art students, and a building worthy of the uses to which it is to be devoted. Since the destruction of Crosby's Opera-house in 1871, with its art school and galleries of paintings, small though they were, the city has apparently devoted itself more to its material than to its artistic development, and with the exception of its exposition annuals, with their commercial savor, and its loan exhibits at clubs, has had nothing worthy the name in the line of a public or permanent display. But the enlargement of private taste, coupled with the spirit of emulation, has finally prompted public-spirited men of that city to take the matter in hand, and provide a suitable building for art education and exhibitions, and this has resulted in the erection of the Art Institute, the front elevation and some of the interior arrangements of which are elsewhere reproduced.

This Art Institute has been evolved from what was originally the Academy of Design, and later on the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. The former died of inanition in 1878, and the latter suffered a change of name, by "due legal process," to the present one, in 1882, when the site of the building, at Michigan Avenue and Van Buren Street, was purchased. The building then on this lot had been occupied as a homœopathic medical college, with a tombstone factory in the basement. The property cost the executive committee of the Art Institute $80,000; some improvements were made, and the old edifice became consecrated to art. But the growing needs of the Institute encouraged the trustees to make efforts to erect a permanent and handsome building, and two years ago the work was begun. The building has cost $140,000, of which amount $75,000 has been paid off. At present the property of the Institute is valued at $300,000, with a bonded indebtedness of $100,000, at five per cent. interest. The sources of income, aside from gifts, are rents, tuition fees, exhibition receipts, and membership dues.

The present home of the Institute is of red sandstone, with the main entrance from Michigan Avenue. Its architectural type is composite, and has been termed by Chicago papers Richardson Romanesque, in honor, no doubt, of the strong characteristics of the late Boston architect. The lower three floors contain sixteen galleries, of which thirteen are for exhibition uses. The interior has a handsome hall with an attractive frieze, and massive square pillars capped with arches which support a broad staircase with double landings environed with Venetian iron-work. This is the only feature of the interior given to ornamentation. The basement is devoted to class-work, the first floor to museum and galleries, the second floor to galleries, and the old building, in the rear of the new one, is given over exclusively to class-rooms. The new building is tenanted also by the Decorative Art Society, the Fortnightly Woman's Club, the Chicago Literary Club, and by artists for whom studios have been fitted up.

In the schools of the Art Institute are about 300 regular students. There is a Saturday class for children and teachers (public-school), and evening life and antique classes. On Saturday of each week the art collections, permanent and loan, are free to the public. The Institute library, belonging to the museum department, is always open to students and members. It is probable that the museum will be open to the public on Sunday.

The permanent collection now exhibited includes the HALL collection of casts; the WIRT D. WALKER collection of autotypes of the works of the masters; the series of the original drawings of the *Century* and *St. Nicholas* magazines; the original drawings for the illustration of KEATS's "Lamia," by LOW; sixty select drawings, by ABBEY and other artists, from HARPER & BROTHERS, who also furnish sixty selected drawings by HAMILTON GIBSON. The Institute is rich in sculptures, casts, and bronzes, and has a splendid nucleus of a permanent collection of oil-paintings, including works by DANNAT, NEAL, HEALY, HARRY THOMPSON, and others.

It is conceded that the credit for the rehabilitation of the old Academy and the development of the present Institute is due to Mr. CHARLES L. HUTCHINSON, who has been its president since 1882.

GRAPE AND HOP CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

WITH all California's boasted climate and scenery, she has never yet been able to accomplish more than five months of actual beauty. While the rains of winter and spring are falling, the whole country, mountains and valleys, woods and fields, is a magnificent study of greens, and of that riotous luxuriance of color peculiar to the wild flowers of California. But during the long dry season, which begins in spring and ends late in the fall, the country shrivels up, and is a dismal assortment of naked vines, dirty greens, dull browns, and sickly yellows. The owners of country places spend a small fortune for water every summer, else they would not have a blade of grass on their lawns; and there is not a rose after June.

But all rules are proved by their exceptions, and two of these exceptions are Napa and Marin counties. The former has light rains every month, and the latter is so indented by lagoons and bays, and the fogs from the ocean pay it such frequent attention, that the land is always moist and green. There are very few counties in California which have not caught the grape fever, but there is none so evidently predestined to take it as Napa. It possesses a set of qualifications for grape culture which no other county in California can claim, well adapted as it may be in single respects. The clean sweep of hill and valley, the constant moisture, the peculiarly fine grape produced by the soil on the hills, and the fact that although in summer the thermometer frequently rises to 100° the atmosphere is always pure and dry, are sufficient excuses for its rapidly extending vineyards. It makes now about 2,000,000 gallons of wine a year, and it is estimated that if the entire county were put under cultivation it would yield about 100,000,000. The hop crop is about 80,000 pounds, and in the picking season every man, woman, and child in the neighboring villages turns out and spends a lively vacation in the hop fields. There was a time when if one wanted to have a quiet summer he could go to Napa Soda Springs, and have a room in what was originally built for a stable, and do as he pleased. But now Napa is one of the most fashionable watering-places in California, more particularly since the burning of Del Monte. The mountain of the county is St. Helena, and is a part of the scenery of Sonoma County as well.

Marin County during the early years of the State was a splendid stretch of redwood forest, but there is little of it left to-day. Instead there are innumerable saw-mills, and the forests have been transformed into two-thirds of the houses in San Francisco. There are still enough left, however, to throw an appropriate and holy calm over the summer rites of the Bohemian Club. There are few grapes raised here, or even grain crops, but the soil affords remarkably fine pasture, and in consequence the great source of revenue is the dairy farm. There are not as many of these now as there will be later, when the rich men who own the land in large tracts divide it up and sell out to small farmers. At present these ranches are from fifteen to forty thousand acres in extent. Marin is a beautiful county in spite of its salt marshes and mud flats, and rejoices in the possession of the show mountain of the coast. Tamalpais towers up 2800 feet over the ocean, and under its shadow are some of the handsomest country houses in California. Of these the most picturesque is HALL MACALLISTER'S. It is built like a monastery, belfry and all, and is of unpainted redwood highly polished. Within, the doors are heavy and arched, like the doors of cells and chapels, and the walls are of rough gray plaster. There monastic severity ends, however, and the house otherwise is as luxurious as modern art and cunning can suggest.

San Rafael is the town *par excellence* of Marin County, and is rapidly assuming the dimensions of a respectable city. It was founded by WILLIAM T. COLEMAN, and he owns a large share of it yet. He was determined that it should become a place of importance, and he has succeeded. Not only is the trade flourishing, but many of the wealthiest people in the State have gone there to live, and it is also a very popular summer resort. Another object of interest in Marin County, but not exactly a pleasure resort, is San Quentin. It is well patronized, however, and in spite of the fact that there is very little natural beauty in the neighborhood to divert the visitor.

THE COAL STRIKE.

THE strike of the Reading coal-miners is for wages—not for higher wages than they were receiving when the difficulty between them and the company began, but for the maintenance of the rate then paid to them. Strikes are of nearly annual occurrence in the anthracite coal region of Pennsylvania. For more than twenty years the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge have been the scene of labor troubles. A conflict has been going on between the operators and the operatives ever since the appearance of the first laborer who came directly to the mines from southeastern Europe. In 1867 a company of Poles were taken to the Pennsylvania coal-fields to enter into competition with the native and the Irish and English miners and laborers, with whom the corporations had been contending over the wages question for many years. Since this time wages have been regulated by the law of supply and demand, and have been kept low by the maintenance of a great supply. The introduction of Poles was followed by the organization of the criminal association known as the Molly Maguires. The story of the murders and plundering of this society, which finally came under the leadership of professional criminals, is still familiar. After the ringleaders were hanged, the importation of foreign labor continued. And now in addition to the Poles, Hungarians and Bulgarians arrived at the mines. These people are ignorant and cheap. Very few of them learn to be expert miners, but there are enough of them to make the supply of mine labor very much greater than the demand. It has been estimated by competent authority that if there should not be brought another miner into the coal regions of Pennsylvania, all the miners now there would not find full employment by 1900.

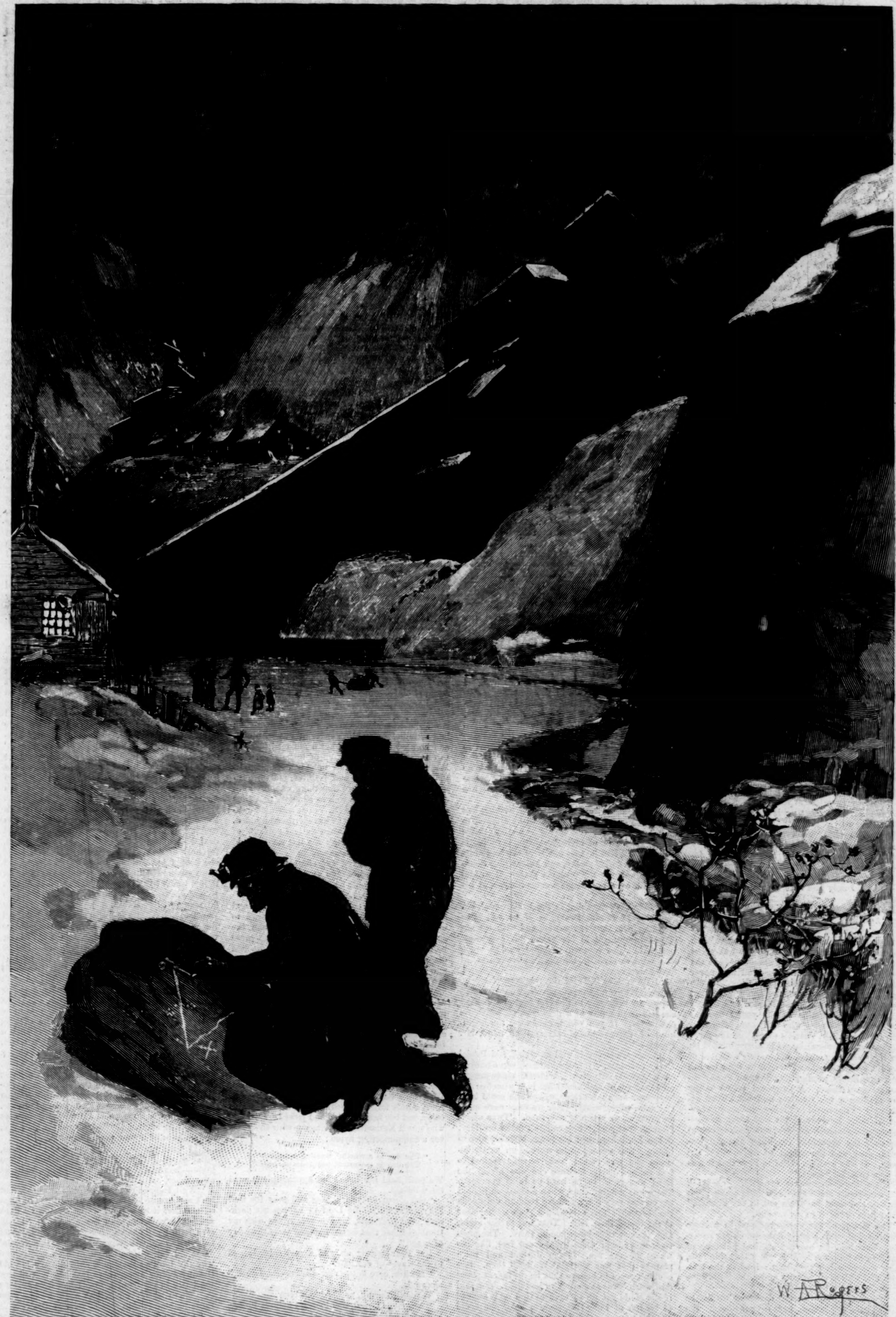
Another element of the labor problem in the anthracite region is restricted production. There can easily be mined every year thousands of tons of coal more than the country needs. Therefore the companies combine to limit production and keep up the price. The Reading company, whose miners are now striking, is the largest operator. It mines from thirty-five to forty per cent. of the amount annually determined upon as the quantity that shall be placed upon the market. The amount of coal to be mined being limited, and the number of miners practically unlimited, it follows that great distress and dire poverty prevail in the mines. Apparently the rate of wages is high. The sum in dispute in the strike may seem trifling, and it is very likely that laboring-men who are receiving $2 50 a day do not have very much sympathy in their demand for twenty cents more. The truth is, however, that the rate of wages does not bear any proportion to the earnings of the working-men. The coal-miner works only two-thirds of the year. Not long ago the Pennsylvania Bureau of Statistics estimated that in the anthracite region the workmen lose about 128 days in a year. Supposing, therefore, that a miner received $2 70 a day, instead of earning $842 a year, he will earn only $460. This is very little in a region where the cost of the necessaries of life is dear, where rents for the meanest shanties are high, and in an employment where there is almost constant danger to life and limb. The average miner and his family live in a house of three rooms. It would be hard to find a home so mean, comfortless, and grimy in an agricultural region. Although it is against the law to employ children in the mines, small boys are constantly at work closing the doors between the galleries and shafts as the coal-cars pass in and out. The boys must work in order that the family may have sufficient food, and there is growing up in the heart of Pennsylvania, under the beautiful farms of the Lehigh, Lackawanna, and Wyoming valleys, thousands of ignorant, ill fed, and hapless boys, who will one day be men inspired by the bitter experience of their youth and the traditions of oppression which they have inherited from their fathers.

There are other hardships and miseries in the lives of the miner which might be described, but there is not space. It is not to be imagined that the injustice and wrong are all on one side. The Molly Maguires are not the only miners who have endeavored to settle their grievances by crimes against life and property; but as long as the present condition prevails in the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, neither intelligence nor virtue can be expected. The miners live among the mountains. If a village or a city is near the mines, their houses are built in the outskirts. They come out of the ground at six o'clock, black with the dust in which they have been working all day. They have no halls of meeting, as other workmen have. If they have grievances against the corporations (for anthracite coal is mined almost entirely by corporations), they meet in the hills after nightfall, and the fire-light falling on the grimy faces gathered about it gives the weird look of conspiracy to meetings that are discussing the contract between the men and their employers. A strike of the coal-miners cannot be understood by contemplating it as the outcome of a dispute between men who receive $2 50 a day for their work, and who are stopping an important part of the country's supply of coal for twenty cents additional wages. It may be that the corporation cannot afford to maintain the contract under which coal was mined until the beginning of the year, but the story that is here told of the atmosphere of the strike, of the poverty and misery which bred discontent, is essential to a just appreciation of the men who are now struggling against their employers to the discomfort of us all.

WHITELAW'S PATENT STRAW ENDORSER.
(EXHIBITED AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, JANUARY 10 TO 13.)

GRAPE AND HOP CULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 43.]

1. A Grape-Picker. 2. San Rafael, with Mount Tamalpais in the Distance. 3. Hop Ranch and Vineyards, St. Helena.



THE PENNSYLVANIA STRIKE—MINERS CALLING A MEETING.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 43.]

WAITSTILL PEAVY'S "CONSCIENCE SPELLS."

By SOPHIE SWETT.

"I don't know but what you'd better get up, Fear. Your mother's got one of them conscience spells, and your father has gone down along to fetch the minister. I got up a good bright fire and made some coffee, but it didn't seem to do a mite of good. I wanted to fry some onions—old Mis' Gerry, over to Orland, she always wanted fried onions when she was concerned in her mind; but Waitstill, land! she wouldn't hear a word to it. I tried hard to get her off the notion of havin' the minister, bein' he's kind of consumpted, and it's such a cold night, and I knew Darnle hated to ask him to come, for 'tain't like old Parson Flint, that was used to it, and prayed the long prayer that folks heard in meetin' every Sunday, for the heathen and the state of religion in our midst and all, and just so dronin' and monoternous, and I declare if it wa'n't a sight more soothin' to your mother than the new minister that's dretful gifted in prayer, but is kind of questionin' and searchin', and don't know what to make of her. It beats all how much grace folks can have without havin' a mite of tact. I wish it had been the doctor that she wanted this time. That young doctor that come from Hermon looks to me as if he'd got consid'able commonsense."

Fear had aroused herself from her youthful slumbers with an anxious sigh.

"I was afraid she was going to have a spell last night," she said, as she slipped out of her warm bed, deftly gathered up a mass of chestnut hair, and blew upon the frosty window-pane that she might see how dark the night was.

"Poor father!" she murmured, as she proceeded to dress with the swiftness of one accustomed to a hasty summons.

"I thought she was uncommon chipper last night. She sat up for you to come home from the donation party, and I heard you laughin' and talkin'."

"Yes, but she grew nervous and melancholy all at once; she seemed to remember something. Aunt Ann, what is the matter with mother?" Fear stood very erect, and the flaring kerosene lamp upon the mantel showed as much stern determination upon her face as was consistent with a soft apple-blossom prettiness. "Was there ever anything—"

"Now, Fear Peavy, don't you go to gettin' such notions as that into your head. You'd ought to be ashamed of yourself. Your mother is a saint if ever there was one. I declare, if you ain't as bad as the new minister! It all comes of novel-readin'. That's the only failin' your mother ever had; she would read stories; and when she gets agoin' about that, I hain't so much to say agin her bein' a sinner. Next thing you'll be makin' her out a three-volume p'isoner, or one of them that pushes folks into wells."

"Aha! Aunt Ann, now I *have* caught you;" and the girl's eyes for a moment twinkled with mirth, while Aunt Ann reddened furiously from her double chin to her false front.

This little digression referred to the fact that Fear had once come upon Aunt Ann burning the midnight oil, with a certain highly flavored romance concealed in her apron, which she averred she was not reading, but only using to fan herself with.

"And your mother a perfessor this thirty years!" pursued Aunt Ann, ignoring the digression. "I am surprised at you, Fear. It's nerves that ails her, and catnip tea is a sight better for nerves than prayin'; and it ain't perfane to say it, because the Lord knows it a'ready. I've set Lucindy a-brewin' some, but it ain't noways likely that Waitstill will touch it. She's had your father a-prayin' and a-prayin', and recitin' that hymn about 'burdened souls with guilt opprest.' If she would only just take a good dose of that catnip tea!"

Fear's face darkened again as she followed Aunt Ann down-stairs. She had been accustomed from childhood to these "conscience spells," as the family and the neighbors called them, with which her mother was afflicted, and had accepted Aunt Ann's theory (somewhat scandalizing to the neighbors) of a physical cause, and had never before thought of questioning it. Now, in spite of Aunt Ann's assurances, she could not forget how suddenly this mood had seemed to seize her mother at the mention of the young doctor's name—the new doctor who had come from Hermon to take old Dr. Veazie's place. In the great kitchen four kerosene lamps in a row burned on the high wooden mantel, and one on each end of the old Dutch sideboard served to light up the dark corners—a prodigality unknown to any occasions save these. A surprised yellow tabby was making a hasty toilet; and her kitten, exhilarated by the novel brilliancy, was madly chasing its tail. Lucindy, gaunt and bleak in curl-papers, and generally *négligée*, was making catnip tea over the cheerfully crackling fire, the tea-kettle sang, and the aroma of coffee filled the room. It was a slight relief to Fear that it was to be a cheerful "spell."

"Sometimes she wants everything cheerful, and sometimes she wants everthing solum; but anyhow she must have 'em out in the kitchen," Aunt Ann confided to her cronies.

The victim of the spells reclined in a large rocking-chair with a gayly flowered chintz covering, which brought out the pinched paleness of her face in fullest relief. It was a long thin face, with a narrow forehead, blue-veined at the temples, and with deep hollows under the faded blue eyes.

"Oh, Fear, there's a great darkness just before me, and the sky is like brass over my head. It's my terrible sin. Get the Testament, child, and read me about Ananias and Sapphira."

"Sha'n't I read something more comforting, mother?" said Fear, taking one of her mother's thin, toil-worn hands in hers.

"No, no. That's what your father always says; but there's no comfort for me. I want to get a realizing sense of the sin that has shut me up in darkness. Catnip tea, Ann! You mean well; but do you think a guilt-burdened conscience can be relieved by catnip tea? Oh, Fear, you don't know what I've done!"

Aunt Ann set the bowl of catnip tea resignedly upon the table, and presently the yellow cat climbed up and walked gingerly around it, sniffing, and yet afraid. Lucindy sat down upon the wood-box and extended her feet dolefully into the oven, Aunt Ann produced her knitting, and clicked the needles as if her spirit was inwardly perturbed, and Fear began to read about Ananias and Sapphira.

In the mean time Daniel Peavy was driving through a keen and nipping atmosphere which made his beard frosty, and cogitating deeply as he went. He was a toil-worn man, old at fifty, like many a New England farmer; deeply stooping shoulders diminished the effect of his remarkable height and strength, and heavy furrows and shaggy white eyebrows made an ambuscade for his still keen eyes, as frank and honest as a child's. Delia, the mare, too, was past her prime; her muscles were stiff from much ploughing, and she had begun to feel that nature was not as bountiful as in old times in the matter of a winter coat. Many times had Delia taken these journeys in the small hours of the night, but never before in quite so cold a night as this, and although she jogged on bravely, she cast occasional backward glances at her master, as if to assure herself that he was in possession of his senses, and this thing had to be done. Daniel Peavy cast an anxious glance back at the bright lights in his own windows as he turned the corner that hid them from view.

Poor Waitstill, how hard she had worked, and always hopefully and uncomplainingly, except when these strange moods were upon her! They had wrung scanty crops painfully from sterile soil, and often the sound of the wolf at the door had made their hearts stand still. People had said before they were married that Waitstill was delicate, and not the wife for a poor farmer, but not a woman in Millbridge could equal her for working and planning and saving—brain and hands and feet almost never at rest. And it had not seemed to wear her out—not at least as these conscience spells did. Now that they were comparatively well off, and were taking life a little easier, these had increased. And they were darkening Fear's life—little Fear, whose happiness they had planned as the reward of all their toil and struggle. Then too he was tormented by a growing fear that they would end in hopeless melancholy or insanity.

Many heavy-hearted mortals had lifted the brass knocker of the ancient parsonage in the dead of the night, but never perhaps a heavier one than Daniel Peavy's. He had to wait a long time. The minister's brain was probably deep in a dream-land maze of theological problems—easefully inverted and fantastic, let us hope he found them, like Alice's in the looking-glass—and Daniel Peavy's modest knocking and Delia's protesting neighs alike failed to arouse him. When at length he did appear, looking most unministerial in his hasty toilet, his cordial manner and sympathetic hand-shake were ineffectual to take off the edge of his hesitation. "If you think I can do any good, Mr. Peavy. I seem to have failed before. There was apparently something in the background; but, of course, if she asked for me—"

If the minister were thinking that nothing less urgent than a death-bed ought to be allowed to drag a poor parson out of his own comfortable one at that time of night, he might perhaps be forgiven. When he was finally in the wagon he was certainly wide-awake, and knitting his book-worn brows over the problem presented to him as he did over the weighty concordances in his study.

"There ain't anything in the background, Mr. Jones," said Daniel Peavy, as if he had been brooding over that suggestion, and with a trace of sad resentment in his tone. "If everybody that hain't got concern of mind was as much of a saint as my wife, the Lord's kingdom would have about come."

"I am sure of it," said the minister, absently, and as if it were a figure of speech; "but you must excuse my reference to the fact that she insisted she had been guilty of a great sin, of which no one knew. If you could remember the beginning of these—these exercises of mind, Mr. Peavy—"

"I can remember it well enough," said Daniel Peavy, patiently. "It was when Fear was a baby—she's 'most twenty now. Waitstill made me get up in the night and wheel her in a wheelbarrow 'way over onto the bridge, where she could hear the noise of the water. Her troubles were more Scriptooral, as you may say, then. 'Twas about Phar'oh that time. She couldn't make out how, if the Lord hardened his heart, Phar'oh was to blame. She seemed to be worked up partly because she was afraid 'twas terrible wicked to feel so, and partly because she was afraid the Lord was goin' to be hard on folks generally. There was another time, when she sat on behind me on this very mare, and we rode up the woods road—'twa'n't much more'n a path then—clear to the top of Pine Hill. That was in the night, and 'twas terrible lonesome up there. The pine-trees was roarin' dismal under our feet, like the waves of the sea. 'Twas Joshua and them planets that was worryin' Waitstill then. She couldn't seem to believe that he made 'em stand still when 'twas so contr'y to jography. She said if she could get up so near to God as it seemed to be top of Pine Hill, seemed as if she could put the jography and all the devices of men under her feet. How she did pray! And I wrastled too, and nothing ever seemed to do Waitstill so much good as that mounting. The deeper p'ints of doctrine, foreordination and them, never seemed to trouble her so much, though there was times when she didn't seem to enjoy her views of everlastin' punishment."

The suspicion of a smile flitted around the minister's grave mouth in the favoring darkness. He may have been thinking with complacency of his rotund and comfortable little wife, who cooked oatmeal and darned the children's clothes with cheerful diligence, and never questioned his theology or had "conscience spells."

"Late years Waitstill's difficulties 'ain't seemed to be Scriptooral, or not so much so, though she has been afraid that she's committed the onpardonable sin. When she was a girl there was a man down in Carmel, where she was visitin', that gave her fifty cents too much change, and she never found it out till she was in the stage goin' home. She calc'lated to send it right back, but they was short of money at home, terrible short, and she put it off, and put it off, and bime-by, when she had it, she found out that the man had moved off out West. Well, that took hold of her so powerful in one of them spells that I wrote round to as much as twenty different places till I'd got track of him, and then I found he was dead, and I sent the money to his widow. Waitstill hain't never accused herself of bein' a thief since. It seemed to ease her mind right off. Now she's sayin' she's a terrible liar, but so fur forth as ever I saw there ain't a truthfuler soul livin'."

"I begin to think, Mr. Peavy, that this is a case which requires a doctor's services rather than a minister's."

"Sometimes Waitstill wants the doctor, but this time she wants the minister," said Daniel Peavy, simply, as if no one could fail to comprehend that Waitstill's will was law. "But if you wouldn't take offence at my suggestin' it, prayin' kind of general and long-winded, as old Parson Flint used to, seems to suit Waitstill better than such pertickler and movin' prayers."

"I dare say you may be right," said the minister, humbly. He felt vaguely that his theological-seminary training had not fitted him to deal with "conscience spells." "But would it not be well to call on young Dr. Lovell? Some simple opiate— I should, of course, hesitate to suggest such a remedy for a person troubled in conscience ordinarily, but—"

"Mebbe I had better stop and get him; for now you've said so much, Mr. Jones, I'm free to confess that I have thought the doctor fetched her out of 'em quicker'n what the minister did, though I was afraid 'twas onbelievin' to think so. I don't know what Waitstill will say, for that's the way she feels about it. She only wants the doctor when she calc'lates she sha'n't live till mornin'. Old Dr. Veazie he used to give her valerian and asafœtida, but when his mind was a-goin' he couldn't seem to think of anything but mustard plasters. He was always great for 'em, you know. He'd order one clapped right onto the small of her back, and I declare, though it seems terrible perfane to think of usin' such a remedy for a sense of sinfulness—I declare if it wa'n't so hot and hard to bear that it would take her mind right off of everything else, and come time to take it off she'd be about cured. The old doctor he had a kind of a chucklin', unfeelin' way with him, and he used to say he'd known mustard plasters to cure selfishness—he kind of insinooated that Waitstill was selfish, but nobody ever thought that that knew her—and laziness, and miserliness, and he wa'n't sure that there was any kind of human depravity as well as sickness that they wa'n't good for. If old Dr. Veazie was a church-member I never thought he was spiritooal-minded. Nor I wa'n't surprised when he had soft'nin' of the brain. And yet I can't say but what he did fetch Waitstill out of some of her spells." By this time Daniel Peavy was climbing rheumatically out of his high wagon at a house where on a modest shingle could be read by the light of the moon "Americus D. Lovell, M.D."

The young doctor was speedily awake and alert, the curer of bodies being accustomed to more untimely and imperative calls than the curer of souls; and before Delia's patient mind had quite given way to frosty despair he had disposed his lithe length between the minister and Daniel Peavy, and given her a cheerful chirrup which lightened both her heart and her heels, and served to dispel something of the gloom which had settled upon Daniel Peavy and the minister. The kitchen illumination was still sending its glow out into the frosty darkness, and a deceived young rooster was shrilly sending forth his morning clarion. The mingled fragrance of catnip tea and coffee, which no one had drunk, greeted the three men as they opened the door. The Testament had fallen from Fear's hand, and her head had dropped upon her mother's lap. Waitstill's hands were tightly clasped above it. Aunt Ann's knitting-needles still clicked vigorously, but her head nodded and jerked. Lucindy, who was a Methodist, was singing with shrill fervor a camp-meeting hymn:

"The day is a-wastin', wastin', wastin'—
The day is a-wastin', night draws near."

Waitstill held her hands out appealingly toward the minister.

"Get down on your knees and pray for me! Pray, importunin' the Lord to lighten my darkness; but pray soft, for I'm wearin' out with my troubles those that haven't sinned away their day of grace."

But Fear sprang up, and a rosy color leaped to the waves of her hair.

"Mother, here is the new doctor—Dr. Lovell," she said.

Waitstill shrank, as if from a blow.

"Americus Lovell, that married Selindy Porter, came from Hermon," she said.

"My father and mother," said the young doctor, coming forward and taking her hand in his. "My mother has often spoken of you. She told me I should find friends here."

"She don't know how I wronged her. Oh, nobody knows what I've done! Is your father livin'?"

"Oh yes; he is very hale and hearty," said the young man.

"He was as much as twenty years older than Selindy, and she didn't want to marry him. If it hadn't been for me she wouldn't have. Have they got along well—been happy together?" asked Waitstill, with breathless eagerness.

"Quite as well as most people, I should say," replied the young doctor, suppressing a tendency to smile; while the minister, who had been upon the point of dropping upon his knees at Waitstill's adjuration, quietly retreated into the background as he saw the mundane turn which affairs seemed to be taking. "In fact," added the young doctor, who had seemed to be reflecting upon a matter to which he had never given any previous attention, "I should say they were an unusually devoted couple."

"But there was Ben—he killed himself! I saw it in the paper last fall. And it was my fault. That is what has brought me to this. If he had married Selindy—"

"Land sakes! Ben Dixon!" came in contemptuous tones from Aunt Ann's secluded corner. "That poor cretur never had the spunk to kill himself. I knew 'twa'n't so when I saw it in the paper, and Almiry Freeman heard that 'twas an accident, and he was doin' well. I thought I told you, Waitstill; but, land! I didn't know as you had any interest in Ben Dixon, the shif'lessest, mis'ablest cretur! Almiry says his wife takes in washin' to support him and five or six children."

"I thank the Lord he ain't dead!" cried Waitstill, "though it don't make my sin any the less. I hain't mentioned his name to anybody for twenty years and more, and I went and hid the paper that I saw it in. But to-night it seems as if the Lord had loosened my tongue, and I'm goin' to tell it all. Mebbe it'll give me relief. No, don't go away, any of you. I want you all to hear it. No, the doctor doesn't care. Why should the doctor care? There was nobody that really sinned but me, and what is there in this world to be ashamed of but sin? I can't say that old Granny Porter did right, but she was 'most ninety, and her mind wa'n't what it had been; she was always high-spirited and proud, and she seemed to grow prouder and prouder the nigher she came to the grave. But she wa'n't responsible, as I was. Anyhow she's gone to judgment long ago. I do hope she's found mercy. She was a Christian, for all, and kind to the poor, and savin', and the best hand in sickness. Well, well! Selindy Porter and Ben Dixon had kind of kept comp'ny since they was boy and girl together. The families were distant relations. Ben hadn't any mother nor any bringin' up, and they used to take pity on him up to Cap'n Porter's, and try to kind of slick up his clothes and his behavior. But bime-by his behavior got so bad they couldn't do that, and at last he ran away to sea. He didn't like that, and came back again; but he behaved worse than ever. He'd taken to drinkin' and low comp'ny then. But Selindy stuck to him, for all of what folks said. She couldn't seem to give up hopes of savin' him. He seemed to set everything by her, but yet he couldn't give up drinkin' for her sake. Selindy she used to cry and take on as if her heart would break because her folks were all the time running him down to her, and declarin' she shouldn't have him. One fall Americus Lovell came down from Hermon surveyin' land, and stopped consid'able at Cap'n Porter's. And 'twa'n't any time before he was courtin' Selindy. He was a widower, and a good deal older than she was, but he was a smart, forehanded man, and her folks were determined she should have him—granny in particular. I don't suppose Selindy ever would have given in if Ben would have promised to give up goin' with Dan Roberts—he was the one that led him into all manner of evil—but Ben wouldn't. He said Dan had helped him out of a scrape, and was all the friend he had. So Selindy gave her promise to Americus Lovell, and the weddin' day was set, but she was 'most broken-hearted. She'd come over and talk to me about it—I was the nearest friend she had—and she'd cry so that I couldn't bear to see her, though all the time I couldn't help thinkin' she'd be apt to cry harder if she married Ben Dixon. I pitied Ben too. I always thought he was good-hearted, though Granny Porter wouldn't even allow that. She said he was mean and graspin', although he was such a spendthrift: meanness ran in the Dixon blood. 'Twas a Wednesday forenoon about eleven o'clock, and the weddin' was set for that evenin'. I was pickin' syringas off of the bush by the gate; 'twas the first of June, and the pinks and syringas were all in blow—I can smell 'em now—when Ben Dixon all of a sudden leaned over the gate. He gave me a start as if I'd seen a ghost, his face was so white. He had a letter in his hand, and he handed it over the gate to me.

"'I want you to promise me solum,' he says, 'that you'll give that letter to Selindy before night—just as quick as you can. They won't let me see her, but I b'lieve I can trust you.'

"Well, I spoke right up before I thought (that isn't any excuse for me; I've never thought for a minute that it was), I pitied him so, and I'd been worryin' about the way Selindy felt. 'I will give it to her; you can trust me,' I says. And he hurried off, for Granny Porter was comin' along. I 'ain't never been able to understand why the Lord's providence should have led old Granny Porter along there just then. She saw the letter in my hand before I had time to hide it. There wasn't much that could be hid from those ninety-year-old eyes of Granny Porter's.

"'What did Ben Dixon give you that letter for?' she says, as sharp as a razor. 'I know it's for Selindy! Don't you dare to give it to

her!' says she. 'I know what it is—I've been expectin' it. He's give her a lyin' promise to break off with his evil associates, and she'll stick to keepin' hers. She'll think a sight more of keepin' her word to a scamp like him than to an honest man; that's the way with a foolish girl.'

"Well, now, I hadn't really thought that it might be the stoppin' of the marriage. I hadn't had time to think, but I'd felt as if he ought to have a chance to say good-by to her if he wanted to.

"'If you give it to her, you'll be her ruin!' said granny, and her voice went up so high 'twas like a shriek; and I'll never forget how piercin' her eyes were, and how like leather her old face looked, set like a picture in a frame of syringa blossoms. 'Selindy hain't any sense, not a mite nor a grain,' she says; 'and she'll be a drunkard's wife, and work her fingers to the bone to take care of him and a lot of children that 'll grow up just like him, and break her heart at last!'

"I seemed to see it all as granny pictured it out; everybody knew she had a tongue that would make black seem white, and I knew what poverty was better'n Selindy did. And granny seemed to make me forget how many had reformed, and what an influence Selindy might have over Ben. I forgot poor Ben's pale, pleadin' face and Selindy's heartache, and I promised Granny Porter not to give Selindy the letter.

"She wanted me to let her have it to burn up, but I wouldn't. Sometimes I've wished I had, but I expect it would have laid just as heavy on me if it had been ashes and scattered to the four winds. I locked it up in a little hair trunk that had been my mother's, and when I was married and came here to live I had that put away up under the eaves in the unfinished attic, and I've never opened it from that day to this. I never could bear to go up into that attic. I've felt as if somebody that I'd murdered was hid in that trunk. I never saw Selindy more'n two or three times after she was married. Hermon is a good ways off, and we both had our families to keep us at home; and I've never inquired after her much for fear I should hear that she wasn't happy; and I expect I was growin' kind of callous about what I'd done when I read about poor Ben Dixon's killin' himself. I thank the Lord that he didn't do it; but I never can forget that he might be a respectable, God-fearin' man if I'd kept my word to him and he'd married Selindy. It seemed as if I'd lied, not unto man, but unto God, for he never knew it, poor Ben! I expect he laid it to Selindy or her folks that he never got any answer. When I heard your name, Americus Lovell from Hermon, it all seemed to come over me stronger'n I could bear. 'Twas as if you was Gabr'el with his trump to my sleepin' conscience. But it's kind of easin' to tell of it; I wish I could have told of it long ago. I never was one of the strong ones that can keep things to themselves. And now I want to see your mother and give that letter right into her own hands. Do you suppose she'll come here, bein' I ain't able to go to her? And if I could only have it over with quick!"

"She has been promising to visit me," said the young doctor. "I will write and hasten her coming; and I think I can assure you of forgiveness so far as she is concerned."

"It's an awful thing to perjure yourself and take the Lord's providence into your feeble hands; but if I can give it to Selindy now! It seems as if I saw a gleam of light. Pray for me, Mr. Jones; and then, Ann, I'll drink the catnip tea—every mite of it."

The minister fell upon his knees and fervently repeated the Lord's prayer.

"It seems as if that was made a-purpose for me. It's a mercy sometimes when they ain't gifted in prayer," remarked Waitstill, with that embarrassing frankness which was apt to appear with the conscience spells.

The young doctor won Aunt Ann's favor by acknowledging the virtues of catnip tea, looked into Fear's eyes in a way that set her heart aflutter, and went away with the minister, promising to come again with his mother at the first possible moment. And the household sought what little repose might be secured before daylight in the peaceful exhaustion that always followed a conscience spell.

Young Dr. Lovell's mother was a brisk and cheerful matron, beaming of countenance, and apparently overflowing with the milk of human kindness. As she took Waitstill Peavy's fragile form into her ample embrace she shed over her a few tears, which evidently came as easily as her bubbling, girlish laughter.

"Seems as if it wa'n't more'n yesterday that we were girls together; and such a silly girl as I was! It's brought it all back to me, 'Mericus's tellin' me what you was worryin' about. Now you needn't, a mite. I did set a great deal by Ben, but it seems kind of like a dream now, after you've been married so long, you know, and have got to livin' in your children, and those things seemin' kind of foolish and all. But Ben was very fond of me. I always knew it. Poor Ben!" A certain shamefaced satisfaction glowed in the matron's plump and cheerful countenance. "But I can't help bein' glad I didn't marry him. I'm one that would have found his ways particularly tryin', and I know it now. But I should like to know what the poor fellow had to say to me—his last words, as you may say." And Mrs. Lovell pressed her handkerchief to her eyes.

"You go and get the letter, Fear, out of the little hair trunk in the attic. I can't bear to go near it, even now," said Waitstill, as she drew from her pocket a worn and frayed old "housewife" and took from it a little rusty key.

It was a yellow and musty old letter which Fear held in her hand as she returned, and a tear dropped upon the superscription as Mrs. Lovell took it.

"I declare, I don't know as anybody has a right to open it," she said. "Seems 'most as if Miss Selindy Porter was dead and buried, if there ever was any such person. Poor Ben!"

She opened it, nevertheless, with a tender reverence, and she was forced to wipe her eyes several times before the few scrawling lines became clear. A deep flush gradually overspread her face. She drooped her head, and was silent. Suddenly Waitstill, listening with breathless eagerness, heard a faint but unmistakable giggle.

"I declare, it's real kind of mortifyin'," said Mrs. Americus Lovell; "but it's too good to keep, after the way you've been feelin' and all, Waitstill. Just listen:

"'Dear Selindy,—Now you've jilted me for another fellow, I want you to send me back that gold-stone bosom-pin that I gave you. I don't feel now as if I should ever want to give it to any other girl, but there's no knowing what may happen in this world; and anyhow it's worth considerable money. I don't say anything about the other things I've given you—sleigh rides, and peppermint drops, and a singing-book don't count—nor I don't say anything about your broken promises, but I want that bosom-pin. And so no more from Ben Dixon.'"

Mrs. Americus Lovell laughed as if she enjoyed it. "My folks always said he was mean. It beats all how much girls can't see sometimes. I sent him back the bosom-pin by Malviny Gregg, but she kept it to wear to a picnic—Malviny was such a hand for finery; and it beats all how things turn out; now she's a nurse in a hospital, and wears a drab uniform—and so he didn't get it till the day after I was married. So you see there's no need of your asking his forgiveness."

"'Twas a sinful breakin' of my word," insisted Waitstill. But her face wore a look of great relief, and when she urged Mrs. Lovell and her son to stay to tea, and made some of the cream-of-tartar biscuit for which she was famous, they knew that the last traces of the conscience spell had disappeared.

It was two years after that Aunt Ann remarked to a neighbor:

"She hain't had a bad spell now for two years. We're chippered up, I can tell you. Darnle he grows young every day. Her son-in-law, Dr. Lovell, is curin' her. She's visitin' them up to Boston now, and he takes her round everywhere. If he sees any sign of one comin' on, he takes her to the theatre or to a concert. He says the cause of 'em is exaggerated sensibilities—that seems to mean takin' things terrible hard nat'rally—and overwork. Darnle he always thought 'twas queer Waitstill could stand so much hard work and yet be so easy upset in her mind. That was what done it, you see. And there was folks that called it the workin's of the Spirit! Lucindy she says she expects the doctors 'll be givin' lobely and quinine for 'riginal sin yet; and church member in good and reg'lar standin' as I be, I'm free to confess I think there's cases where they'll do more good than what prayin' and exhaustin' does."

METEOR BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

A somewhat surprising communication has been recently addressed by Mr. J. N. Lockyer to the Royal Society on the subject of the probable origin of the universe from meteoric aggregation. A brief account of the history of this theory from its inception to the present time may serve at once to interest readers and to show in what respect the latest communication on the subject is chiefly remarkable.

In 1848, long before that knowledge respecting meteors had been obtained which has recently thrown such interesting light on their importance in the universe, Dr. Mayer, of Heilbronn, enunciated the theory that the sun's heat is due to the constant indraught of meteoric matter upon the ruling centre of the solar system. This theory involved implicitly the theory that besides our own sun all his fellow-suns, the stars, owe their light and heat to meteoric aggregation. Nay, it had to be extended still more widely to include such heat as once pervaded the frames of all the members of the solar system—giant planets, terrestrial planets, aerolites, and satellites—as well as the heat which in like manner pervaded, millions of years ago, the masses of all the orbs circling in systems around all the thousands of millions of suns constituting our galaxy. While, also, beyond our own sidereal system all the other similar systems which doubtless pervade the infinitudes of space must presumably (if Mayer's theory were accepted) owe their light and heat—in other words, their life—to meteoric collisions.

Mayer's theory has not secured acceptance in its original form. Supported for a while by Sir W. Thomson, Mr. Joule, and other leading mathematicians, it was rejected by astronomers, who knew from the motions of the planets that there is not a sufficiency of ungathered material within the solar system to account for more than ten years' emission of solar heat. Yet in another form the theory has been accepted as affording practically the only feasible explanation of the sun's heat. We now regard the heat of the great central luminary as almost wholly due to the action of gravity on the component materials of the sun's mass, that heat being in technical terms the thermal equivalent of the mechanical energy expended in the process of solar contraction. Grant only that the sun's whole mass was produced by a process of meteoric aggregation, and we perceive that this theory of the origin of solar—and therefore of stellar and of planetary—heat is simply a development of Dr. Mayer's meteoric theory.

Recognizing this, I could not advance as original the theory which I have presented and discussed in the chapter on "Comets and Meteors" in my *Other Worlds than Ours*, though much of the evidence was considered there for the first time, and details of the theory as I advanced it were entirely original. I there showed that whereas the nebular theory of Laplace (which was advanced by that great mathematician merely as a hypothesis) affords no explanation whatever of the strange way in which the masses of the solar system are distributed, the theory of meteoric aggregation gives a very fair account of all the leading features of the system, from the surpassing mass of Jupiter to the insignificant combined mass of the thousands of small planets which travel in a zone next within the orbit of the chief giant of the solar system.

But in the mean time, as also since 1870, when my own first discussion of the meteoric theory of the birth of our solar system appeared, discoveries most interesting and important in character had been and have been in progress. Some of these I have myself discussed at length in these columns; and even if I had not I could not find space to discuss them here. Let it suffice to mention the leading names and the discoveries of chief interest. In America, Professor Newton, of Yale College, called special attention to the significance of the periodicity of the November meteors; and through his researches, combined with those of Schiaparelli, Adams, Alexander Herschel, and many others, it has been established that meteor systems play an altogether more important part in the economy of the solar system than had formerly been imagined. The connection between falling-stars, meteors, fireballs, and aerolites was also satisfactorily demonstrated, a discovery by which the importance of these various orders of bodies in the universe, considered alike with reference to space and to time, was still further indicated. The microscopical studies of Sorby, the English mineralogist, and the chemical studies of Graham, the chemist, showed the structure of meteorites to be akin to what we must regard as the probable structure of the material forming the sun's mass. M. Stanislas Meunier and Daubrée in France indicated at once the varieties of structure, microscopical, chemical, and physical, existing among meteorites, and the identity of each one of these varieties with some variety recognized among terrestrial materials, especially among materials found deep within the crust of the earth. As the oneness of structure existing within the solar system, and indeed within the universe itself, has long ago been recognized, we may regard these researches and the kindred researches of Dewar, Tschermak, and others as comprising the general theory that all the discrete masses in the universe, from the largest suns to the smallest satellite, are products of meteoric aggregation.

A very important part of the evidence in favor of the theory that all the orbs in the universe were thus formed has always been recognized in the variety of character recognized in the stars as analyzed with the spectroscope. Rutherford, in this country, Secchi, Miller, Huggins, and Vogel, in Europe, have shown that the stars may be arranged in classes, indicating varieties of temperature ranging from heat producing only the faintest luminosity to the transcendent heat of the giant suns whose whole masses seem vaporized, if even (as Professor Clarke, of Cincinnati, suggested) the very elements, as we consider them, are not dissociated into the true elements of which they are in reality compounded. This, of course, is what we should expect to follow from the immense range of variety in regard to mass existing in the universe of suns. If these orbs owe their heat to the combined processes of meteoric aggregation and contraction, it must necessarily follow that the larger masses will be the hotter, not only as pervaded primarily by a more intense heat, but as parting more slowly with their heat than smaller masses. (They would give out more heat absolutely, moment by moment, but less relatively to the totality of heat pervading their orbs.)

Thus the theory of meteoric aggregation as suggesting the true method of cosmogonic evolution has long had a great mass of evidence, very varied in character, in its favor. On the other hand, it is open to none of those physical objections which oppose themselves so persistently and with overwhelming weight against the nebular theory of Laplace. It requires us to believe in no such unthinkable impossibility as a vast disk of infinitely tenuous vapor presenting all the characteristics of a practically infinite rigidity. This indeed is the merest beginning of the difficulties besetting Laplace's hypothesis—difficulties not recognizable in his day, though he seems to have felt something of their force when he remarked that he presented the hypothesis "avec la défiance que doit inspirer tout ce qui n'est point un résultat de l'observation ou du calcul." What the great master of mathematical astronomy thus advanced with caution, and even with mistrust, is by the less informed in our time urged with confidence amounting to daring.

The theory of the meteoric origin of the universe is interesting and attractive, if not in some aspects imposing and almost awful. It has been so long before the scientific world, though so recently advanced as a new cosmogony. We may, however, regard Mr. Lockyer's adoption of the theory (like his former absorption of Professor Clarke's fine theory of the compound nature of the so-called elements) as indicating the probably approaching acceptance of the theory by the public at large.

THE ARNOT-OGDEN MEMORIAL HOSPITAL AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

ANOTHER GIFT TO ELMIRA.

The Arnot-Ogden Memorial Hospital, now in course of erection at Elmira, New York, will be ready for opening next fall. The new hospital is a gift from Mrs. William B. Ogden, of this city, and is a memorial of her family and of her late husband. Another of Mrs. Ogden's gifts to Elmira is the attractive memorial chapel recently completed in that city. Mrs. Ogden was born in Elmira, where her father, the late John Arnot, was a banker of large wealth.

The new hospital, when it is finished, will have cost in the neighborhood of seventy-five thousand dollars. Mrs. Ogden's interest in it has not been merely perfunctory, but she has personally supervised the arrangements for its construction, and has been at pains to have it a model of its kind. The architects are Messrs. Vaux & Radford, of this city. The material used in building is brick laid in red mortar, with band courses of Corning pressed brick, and stone trimmings. The central part of the front will be forty-eight feet wide and sixty-six and a half feet deep. In the rear there will be an annex thirty-three feet by thirty-six, and flanking the central part there will be two wings, each sixty-five and a half by twenty-eight feet. The central part will have three stories. The first will contain an entrance hall and corridor, reception, board, matron's, and doctors' rooms, dispensary, patients' dining-rooms, and operating-room. In the second story there will be a children's ward, four rooms for pay patients, a nurses' room, and bath-rooms. The third story will contain five rooms for pay patients, nurses' room, etc. The annex, which will have two stories, will contain the kitchen, quarters for the employés, and the nurses' dining-room. The wings will be one story, and will contain respectively a male and a female ward. Each ward will be supplied with ten beds, and with a glass "sun-room." The heating and ventilation will be in accordance with approved scientific plans. There will be open fireplaces also in the wards and in some of the rooms. Mrs. Ogden caused a study to be made of a number of the best constructed and best appointed hospitals in the country as a means of guidance in her undertaking. The new hospital is the first public one which Elmira has ever had, and will supply a long-felt need.

A NOVEL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

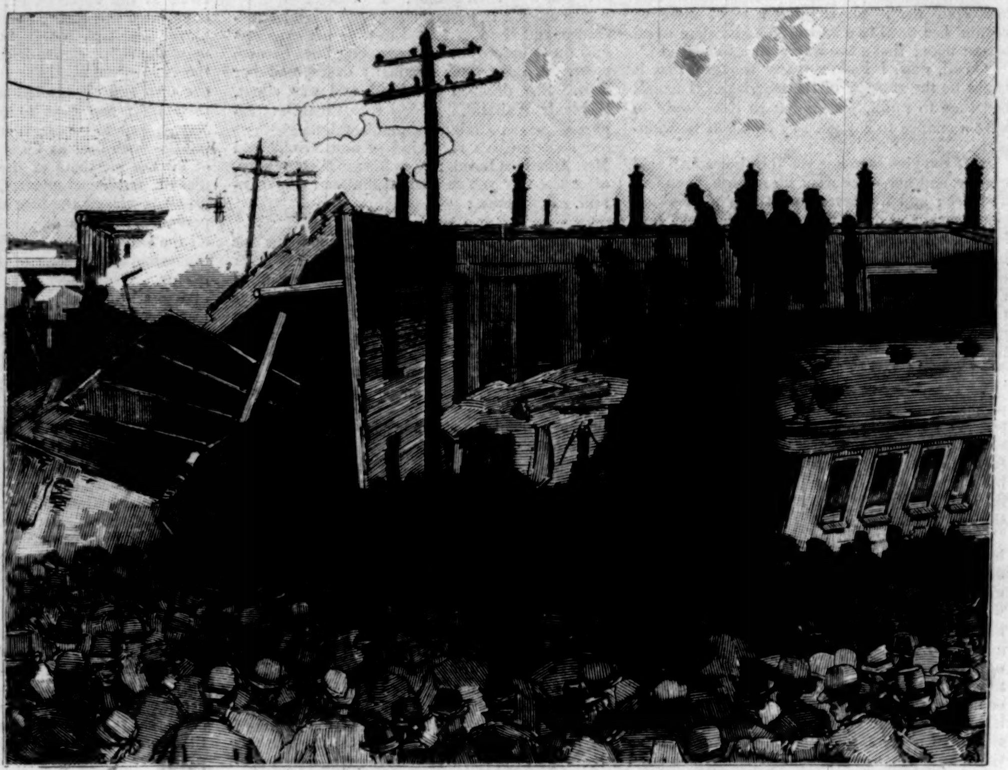
The never-ending catalogue of railway accidents contains not a single one stranger than that near Bradford, on the Boston and Maine Railway, on Tuesday of last week. A "butcher's bill" of twelve dead and over thirty injured, some fatally, is unhappily not very remarkable. The marvel lies in the almost unprecedented and most shocking manner in which these unfortunate people were killed and maimed.

The Bradford station is perhaps 500 feet from the Merrimac River, which the railway, curving to the left, crosses by a bridge of about 500 feet span and 80 feet above the water. Between the station and the bridge is a switch curving to the right, and leading to the Georgetown branch railway. In the angle of the Y formed where the railways come together is, or was, a tank holding 100,000 gallons of water.

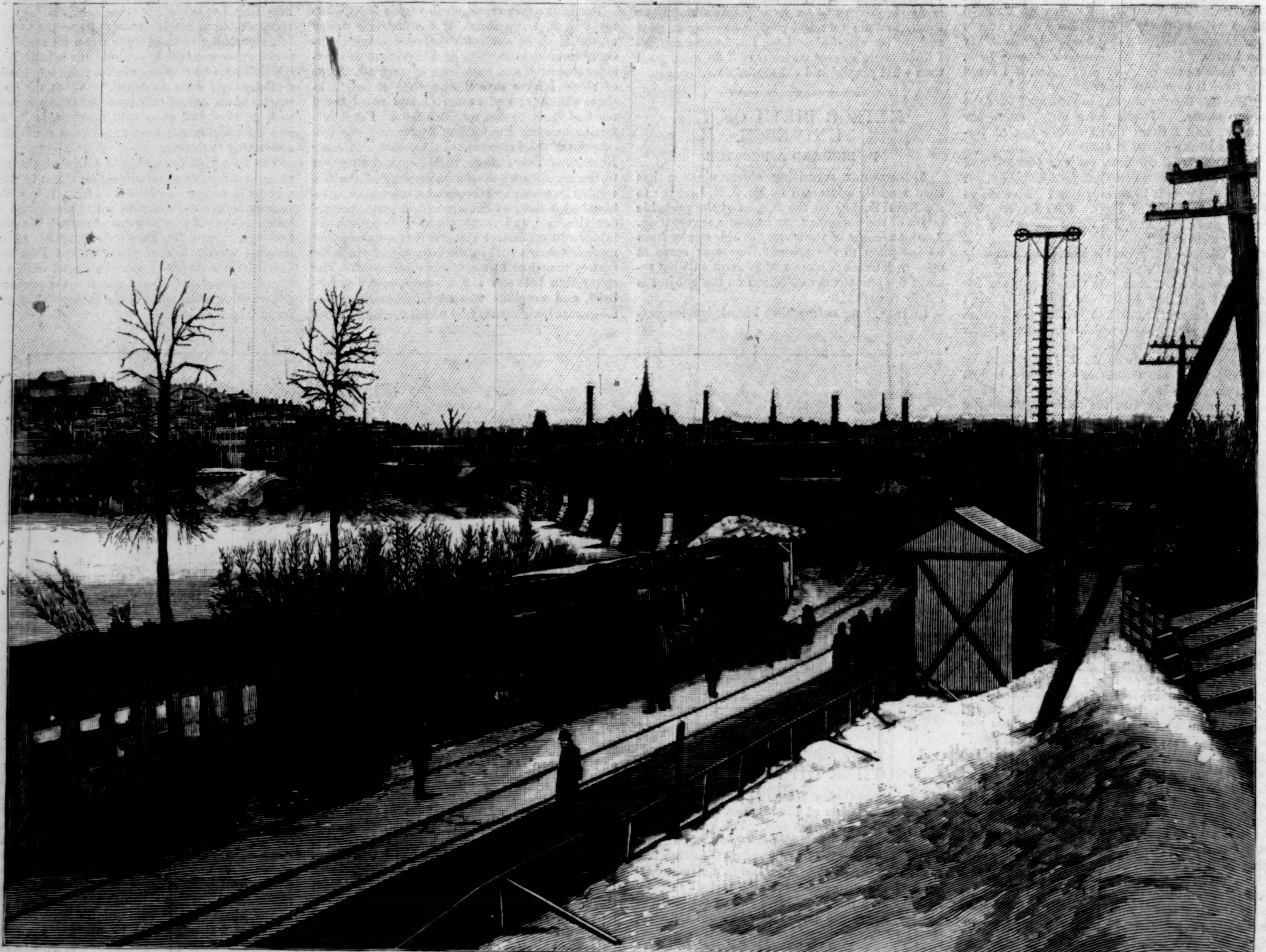
The unfortunate train was an express, which was to have passed Bradford without stopping. The track and switch signals were all right, and so the engineer dashed along at a speed estimated by himself at fifteen miles an hour, but by experienced passengers at from thirty to forty miles. The point is important, for the track at the fatal point curves almost into the shape of a sickle, and the speed at which the train took the curve is an important element of the catastrophe which followed. The locomotive and three cars passed the switch safely, but the smoker was derailed there. A large piece was afterward found to be broken from the flange of a wheel, and that, the railway authorities say, is the cause of what followed.

However that may be, the smoking-car, the fourth in the train, bumped over the ties and the stringers of the bridge past the abutment on the river's brink. It careened fearfully to the right and then to the left, coming to rest on its side, with thirty or forty people flung pell-mell into the roof space. The passenger car next to the smoker left the track, as fate would have it, near the tank, and dashing beneath it, knocked out its supports. No serious harm had yet been done, but gravity completed the disaster. The huge structure of boiler-iron, weighing with its contents not less than a million pounds, at eight pounds to the gallon, fell, and ground almost to powder the car, the unfortunate people within it, and a little group of railway employés who an instant before had been merrily chatting and eating their mid-day meal. Nothing could be more sudden or complete. Possibly the only other accident much like it was the dashing of a Baltimore and Ohio Railway train into a brick building situated in the angle of a Y at Washington. That happened last August, and was caused by the train's leaving the track at a tangent because of the speed with which a curve was passed.

The car next behind the crushed one took the tracks of the Georgetown railway, and ran without serious injury into a train standing there. The rear car ran into the débris of the tank, but also without much harm. Thus the casualties were nearly all confined to one car and the laborers lunching beneath the tank. The incidents narrated by survivors and witnesses are startling, and bring to the mind's eye better than anything except our illustrations the shocking completeness and suddenness with which death and wounds came to those unfortunate passengers. One man was pinned by a jam of timbers around his head. Every other part of his person was free. But his rescuers jarred the jackstraw-like débris, and his skull was smashed like an egg. All the survivors say the awful flood of water suggested to them that the train had fallen off the bridge and they were drowning in the river. Some even had presence of mind enough to rejoice that at least they were not to be burned to death. Instantaneous as it all was, it is worth while to notice that the almost superhumanly excited mind acted quicker yet. To quote one passenger: "I saw the front end of the car begin to cave in, and saw the wreck approaching my seat. I thought I was a goner; but I remembered thinking it was an age in travelling from the front of the car to the rear. It went just like a big wave. As fast as it rolled over a seat there were terrible cries of pain. It was an awful experience." Perhaps the most pitiful incident of all was the taking from the ruins of a father, mother, and child, all crushed to a jelly. Nothing short of such shocking details can realize to a casual reader just what a railway accident means. In the larger of our two illustrations, showing the wrecked train replaced on the rails, the bridge and city of Haverhill are depicted in the background. In the smaller will be found the ruined tank and its surroundings.

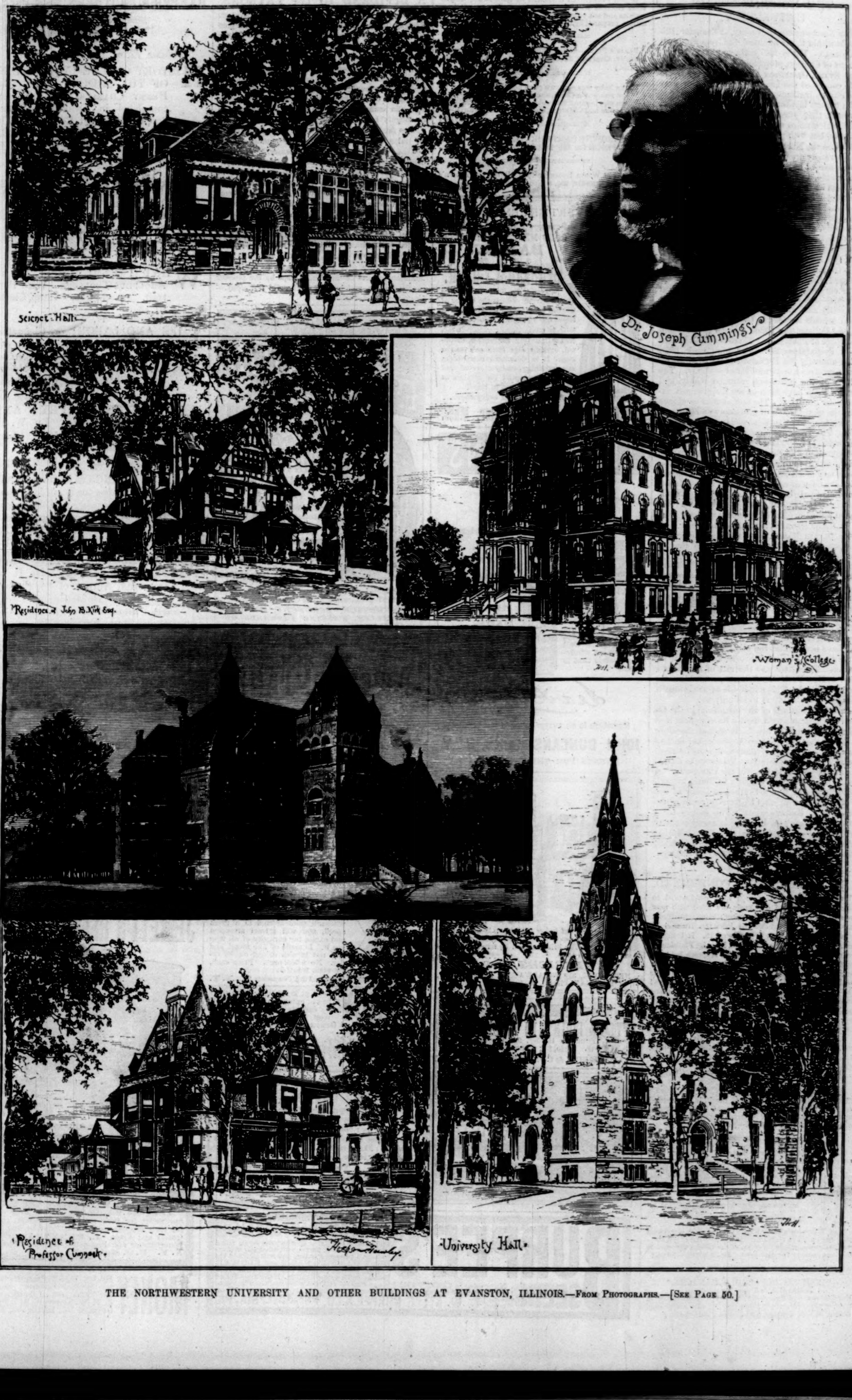


THE POINT WHERE THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED, AND THE OVERTURNED SMOKING-CAR.



THE WRECKED TRAIN AFTER IT WAS RIGHTED.

THE ACCIDENT ON THE BOSTON AND MAINE RAILROAD AT BRADFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY D. B. VICKERY, HAVERHILL.



THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY AND OTHER BUILDINGS AT EVANSTON, ILLINOIS.—From Photographs.—[See Page 50.]

THE NORTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY.

The Northwestern University, at Evanston, Illinois, is within thirty minutes' ride from the heart of Chicago. Thirty-four years ago a few earnest citizens of Chicago, prominent among whom were John Evans, Orrington Lunt, and Grant Goodrich, conceived the idea of founding in or near that city an institution of learning. To provide a site for the institution, and also a basis for endowment, they purchased about four hundred acres twelve miles north of Chicago. They ambitiously, but with prophetic insight, styled their institution the Northwestern University. About the University grew up the beautiful village of Evanston, named in honor of Governor John Evans, of Colorado, a generous friend of the University, and from its foundation President of its Board of Trustees. The first class of five students was graduated in 1859. Since that time the institution has had a remarkable growth. The name University, given it by its founders, has been in essential features justified. There are already established in Evanston the College of Liberal Arts, the schools of Art, of Oratory, and of Music. Occupying the same grounds, and closely affiliated with the University, though under separate corporate control, is the Garrett Biblical Institute—a flourishing school of theology. The University also maintains the following professional schools situated in Chicago: the Chicago Medical College, the Union College of Law, and the School of Pharmacy. There is also in Evanston a Preparatory School of high rank, from which annually the Freshman Class of the University receives a large number of students. The fathers of the institution planned wisely, and many of them have lived to see their largest expectations exceeded. The last annual catalogue gives the total number of professors and instructors as 84, and the total attendance of students 1209. The Treasurer's report shows property to the amount of $2,000,000. The first President of the institution was Rev. Clark T. Hinman, whose early death in the midst of his wise and zealous labors was much regretted. Among his successors have been three of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church—Randolph S. Foster, Erastus O. Haven, and Charles H. Fowler. For several years the office of President was ably filled by Professor Henry S. Noyes, and at a later time by Dr. Oliver Marcy. In 1881 the present incumbent, Joseph Cummings, LL.D., was elected. The institution is greatly indebted to his ripe experience, ceaseless industry, and practical wisdom. The campus of the University is a beautiful tract of thirty acres on the lake shore, shaded by native oaks, and dotted with spacious and appropriate buildings. The nine buildings of the University in Evanston are substantial, and several of them are among the best examples of college architecture in the country. Within the last year have been added the elegant Memorial Hall of the Garrett Biblical Institute, and the Hall of Science. The latter was the gift of a generous donor in New York who does not permit his name to be published. This admirable edifice is unsurpassed in its adaptation to its purpose.

An article treating of any institution in the region of Chicago would hardly be complete if it did not deal in "futures." It should therefore be added that the Chicago Astronomical Society has voted, on conditions likely soon to be fulfilled, to transfer the great Dearborn Telescope to Evanston, and place it in the care of the University. A great library building properly to house the valuable library of the institution, in honor of one of the trustees of the University recently deceased, is in contemplation. The money for a substantial dormitory building is partly secured. Aside from expected gifts, the University has large provision for its needs in the advancing values of its property in Evanston and Chicago.

A REPRIEVE FOR THE CONDEMNED.

Wretched men and women long condemned to suffer the tortures of dyspepsia are filled with new hope after a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This budding hope blossoms into the fruition of certainty, if the Bitters is persisted in. It brings a reprieve to all dyspeptics who seek its aid. Flatulence, heartburn, sinking at the pit of the stomach between meals, the nervous tremors and insomnia of which chronic indigestion is the parent, disappear with their hateful progenitor. Most beneficent of stomachics! who can wonder that in so many instances it awakens grateful eloquence in those who, benefited by it, speak voluntarily in its behalf. It requires a graphic pen to describe the torments of dyspepsia, but in many of the testimonials received by the proprietors of the Bitters these are portrayed with vivid truthfulness. Constipation, biliousness, muscular debility, malarial fevers and rheumatism are relieved by it.—[*Adv.*]

SUCCESS.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of Coughs, Colds, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

Farmers and others who have a little leisure time for the next few months will find it their interest to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Publishers, of Richmond, whose advertisement appears in another column. They offer great inducements to persons to work for them all or part of the time.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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The Great Pain Reliever.
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c.—[*Adv.*]

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When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE
(The Worcestershire)
Imparts the most delicious taste and zest to

EXTRACT of a LETTER from a MEDICAL GENTLEMAN at Madras, to his brother at WORCESTER, May, 1851.
"Tell LEA & PERRINS' that their sauce is highly esteemed in India, and is in my opinion, the most palatable, as well as the most wholesome sauce that is made."

SOUPS, GRAVIES, FISH, HOT & COLD MEATS, GAME, WELSH-RAREBITS, &c.

Lea & Perrins
Signature is on every bottle of the genuine.
JOHN DUNCANS' SONS, N. Y.,
AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES.

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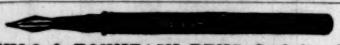
We take pleasure in informing our patrons that our stock of the celebrated **ANCHOR STONE BUILDING BLOCKS,** *completely sold out before Christmas*, is now replenished and fully assorted, and solicit renewal of their kind orders. The Price-list will be forwarded gratis on application to
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.
NEW YORK, 310 BROADWAY, or LONDON E.C., 1 RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.



STYLO & FOUNTAIN PENS. Send for circular. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality **Gold Pen.** Stylo, $1; Fountain, $2 and up.
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A DIVIDEND TO ITS PATRONS.

The recent action of the Chicago & North-Western Railway Company, whereby an accumulated surplus of $10,000,000 was applied to improvement of the property in various directions most beneficial to the public, may be fairly characterized as a dividend to its patrons. The splendid depot facilities in Chicago are supplemented by equally appropriate and commodious station houses at all points on its lines. Its bridges are of iron, its culverts stone; all approaches are solid embankment. Its tracks of steel are so thoroughly ballasted that a day's journey scarcely affords dust enough to soil a cambric handkerchief. Its trains embrace engines and cars of most modern pattern, with all appliances necessary to promote comfort and a sense of security to its millions of patrons. The instinct of its management, ever alert to forecast public wants, finds its reflex in the eagerness with which all attachés of whatever grade avail themselves of every opportunity to contribute, by countless little attentions, to the enjoyment and well-being of all with whom they come in contact. To the accuracy of this statement the thousands of new settlers located on its lines in Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, or Nebraska, and the millions of tourists who have journeyed to the Rocky Mountain resorts or the Pacific slope by the pioneer overland route, will bear most cheerful testimony.—From the *Interior*, Chicago.

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ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
So disguised that the most delicate stomach can take it.
Remarkable as a FLESH PRODUCER. Persons gain rapidly while taking it.
SCOTT'S EMULSION
Is acknowledged by Physicians to be the FINEST and BEST preparation of its class for the relief of ***CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, GENERAL DEBILITY, WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and CHRONIC COUGHS.***
All Druggists. Scott & Bowne, New York.

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J. v. Liebig
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EXTRACT of MEAT
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N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.
Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

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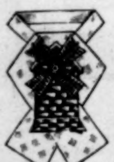

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The pin is worn on any scarf, and by a mechanical motion the windmill goes around at a great speed, and will attract attention and excite the curiosity of all who see it. Is made of fine metal, and will not tarnish or get out of order. No acids used. Price each, by mail, **$1.25.**
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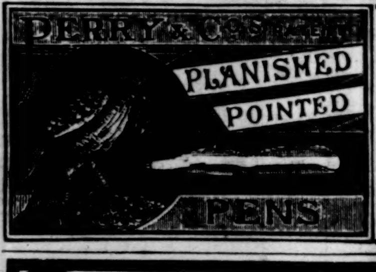

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"Hang it all, man! what are you about? Leave go of my nose!"

"Lave go! Be jabers an' if I did now I should fall down."

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Notice is hereby given to the Members of the **Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association,** Chief Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York, that the amount of Surplus to the Credit of the Members of the 1882 class equals a **Dividend of Thirty-one per cent.** upon the Entire Mortuary premiums paid during the past five years, to wit: from 1882 to 1887 inclusive, said amount applicable and payable as provided in each Certificate of Membership. The amount to cover said Dividend has been deposited with, invested, and held by the **Central Trust Company** of New York, as Trustee, as provided in the Deed of Trust between the two companies.

Notice is further given, that in addition to the above dividend of **Thirty-one per cent.,** the **Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association** has paid to the Widows, Orphans, and Claimants of deceased members, during 1887, over One Million Four Hundred Thousand Dollars, and during the same year (1887) it has saved its living members by reduction of the premium rates below the rates usually charged under the old system of Life Insurance, said reduction approximating Three Millions of Dollars, which reduction equals **an additional dividend of more than Fifty per cent. of the entire premiums paid by our members.**

Our actual Cash profit for 1887 exceeds $448,000, or $1227 for each day in the year, including Sundays and holidays. Each dollar of said profit, as fast as earned, is deposited with, invested, and held by the **Central Trust Company,** as Trustee, for the exclusive use and benefit of our members. Our total death claims paid exceed **$4,100,000** and our Cash Surplus exceeds **$1,350,000.**

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After a most careful and thorough **official examination** *within the past sixty days, the Association has received the unqualified* **endorsement from three Separate State Insurance Departments,** *to wit: by Hon. Philip Cheek, Jr., Insurance Commissioner of the State of Wisconsin; Hon. Charles Shandrew, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Minnesota; also, Hon. Elisha W. Bucklin, Insurance Commissioner of the State of Rhode Island. Each one of these* **Insurance Commissioners** *having made a thorough personal examination of the affairs of the Association in the months of November and December,* 1887, *and after said examination, endorse the* **Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association** *as worthy of the confidence of its members and of the people.*

E. B. HARPER, President.

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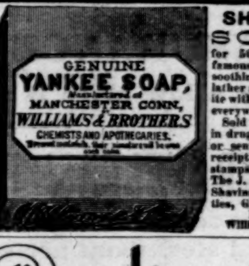

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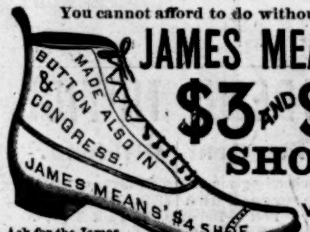

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THE LIFE-SAVERS OF AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

OUR coasts are as thoroughly sentinelled from September 1st to May 1st as is a fortress in time of war. Through the icy blast of a winter's tempest, through snow and sleet, the life-saver patrols the shore, peering into the darkness beyond the roaring surf. The outlines of a vessel barely to be seen in the "mirk," the booming of a gun, a cry for help, mean for him a perilous conflict with the sea for lives it would claim its victims. The signal which he flashes through the storm revives hope in those who had given themselves up for lost, and inspires them to hold out in their struggle for life until their rescue can be attempted. Their peril is known to men strong of frame, stout of heart, and quick of thought, ready to risk their lives to save the lives of others.

This patrol of the coast distinguishes our Life-Saving Service from that of any other country. That it is an important feature of the service is self-evident. Many rescues have been effected off the coast of the United States in instances when those succored would without a doubt have perished had their peril not been discovered by the life-saving patrol. This patrol was thoroughly systematized at the time when our Life-Saving Service became a government department, and is doubtless the result of its organization as a national institution. Our service is the only national establishment in the world for the succor of the shipwrecked, the services in all other countries being maintained by voluntary contributions and such subsidies as the governments choose to vote, the management of the establishment being entrusted to private associations. The Life-Saving Service of the United States was inaugurated by a private society, but it gradually drifted into the control of the national government. In England it is managed by the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for the Preservation of Life from Shipwreck, the successor of the society which in 1824 originated the English system, and which differed from it in name only by the omission of the word Life-Boat. It is possible that the example of this country was an incentive to those who formed the Royal Institution. For our Life-Saving Service was cradled in 1807 in a hut put up at Cohasset, Massachusetts—the first life-boat station on our coast—by the Massachusetts Humane Society. The English society was formed largely through the instrumentality of Sir WILLIAM HILLARY, whose own bravery as a life-saver was great. Having in 1826 established a District Life-Boat Association on the Isle of Man, he and his son became members of one of the crews. In November, 1830, while going to the rescue of the crew of the mail-steamer *St. George*, which struck on St. Mary's Rock and became a total wreck, he was washed overboard, and was saved only after having sustained severe injuries, six of his ribs having been fractured. The Royal Institution during the first year of its existence built twelve life-boats, and stationed them at different points on the coast, and supplied MANBY's mortar apparatus for throwing a line from shore to wreck within range to these stations, and to four of the thirty-nine stations established by humane individuals and societies not connected with the Institution. But afterward it had to abandon this branch of its labors, and also discontinue the supply of necessaries to shipwrecked sailors, owing to insufficient funds. The mortars, or beach apparatus, as we call them in our service, are now furnished by the Board of Trade, and the other line of benevolent work is attended to by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Society. Thus it will be seen the English system requires the co-operation of three societies, while in this country the entire system is under one head.

The first step taken by Congress in the direction of a national Life-Saving Service was the designation, in 1837, of certain revenue-cutters to cruise along the coast in stormy weather. (It did not occur to our Solons that there should have been organized another service to succor the cutters.) The first appropriation for the building of life-saving stations was secured for the New Jersey coast in 1848, ten thousand dollars being voted at the instance of W. A. NEWELL, a Representative from New Jersey. Eight stations were erected. In 1854 a heart-rending disaster—the wreck of the *Powhatan* and the loss of three hundred lives in the calamity—stimulated Congress, which at the previous session had refused to pass a bill for increasing the efficiency of the service, to assign a salaried keeper to each of the stations. Still there was no centre of administration. The service received its first great advancement through the efforts of SUMNER I. KIMBALL, who in February, 1871, became chief of the Revenue Marine, seconded in Congress by Hon. S. S. Cox. The present organization dates from that year. Up to that time keepers and crews had often been selected for political rather than for life-saving duty. They gave way to experienced surfmen, and the patrol of the coast at night and in thick weather during the day was inaugurated. It was not, however, until June, 1878, that Congress passed the bill which made the present efficient organization of the service possible. This activity on the part of Congress was due to two terrible disasters the previous winter—the wreck of the U.S.S. *Huron*, six days before, under the niggardly appropriations, the stations on the North Carolina coast, where the calamity occurred, could be opened; and the wreck of the steamer *Metropolis* on the same coast at a point remote from any of the stations, which were then far apart. Under the bill of 1878 the Life-Saving Service became a separate organization. The President appointed SUMNER I. KIMBALL General Superintendent, and W. D. O'CONNOR Assistant Superintendent, positions they still hold. The service embraces twelve districts. Each of these has as an inspector an officer of the Revenue Marine, and as superintendent a civilian familiar with the locality, and with knowledge of the special qualities required of a life-saver by any peculiar formation of the coast. Thus the system has been made to adapt itself to each line of coast. For instance, off the coast of Maine rocky islands and ledges, the result of glacial action, are the chief cause of danger to mariners. Hence the life-saving stations are on outlying points or islands, and command each an extensive view. On the south side of Long Island begins the remarkable beach formation—a strip of sand separated often by broad bays from the main-land—which extends a distance of six hundred miles to Cape Fear, North Carolina, pierced by numerous inlets, and broadly broken through by New York, Delaware, and Chesapeake bays. Often outer sand-bars, and in some cases, as at Hatteras, echelons of shoals, make this coast treacherous and perilous to mariners. Its dangers, and the vast shipping interests of four such marts as New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Norfolk, impose upon the Life-Saving Service a most energetic guardianship of this beach, which along its entire line is strewn with the skeleton of wrecks—ghastly reminders of disasters before the organization of the service. On this coast the service employs men who may be said to have been reared in the surf. To launch a boat through the breakers, to row and pilot it over the shoals which often have to be crossed before relief can be afforded to the shipwrecked, requires peculiar skill. It differs entirely from the sailor's art, and from the handling of small boats in deep water. The majority of the surfmen employed by the service on this beach are sons of fishermen, and even while still children aided in the launching and beaching of boats through the surf. Sometimes a crew may have to stand on the beach an hour, with hands on the gunwale and muscles strained, waiting for the keeper's command to launch. During that hour the words "shove her in" would have been the death-warrant of keeper and crew. When the command comes some sudden conflux of breakers and undertow may for the moment have smoothed a pathway over which the launch can be effected. Surfmen Nos. 1 and 2 leap into the bow, and with their oars hold it steadily seaward. With the mighty effort of the other four stalwart surfmen and the keeper the boat is pushed off the beach. As the surf boils around them the men vault over the gunwale, and seizing the oars, pull out to sea, while the keeper with the steering oar—a rudder would be as useless as a piece of paper in such seas—pilots the little craft through the breakers, gauging every wave as it approaches, so as to ride the boat safely over it. The stations from Maine to Cape Fear are "complete." They are furnished with a life-boat, the Lyle gun, and other life-saving appliances, and the keeper and crew live at the station. South of Cape Fear to Florida there are no stations. Along the Florida coast the stations are merely houses of refuge for the shipwrecked, as vessels, owing to the depth of water off this coast, are usually driven up high and dry on the shore. On the Gulf and Pacific coasts there are again complete stations. The Lakes have few natural harbors, and at the entrance of most of these there are double piers jutting out a considerable distance, acting as a breakwater to aid vessels in making harbor. In storms vessels are apt to miss the entrance between the piers, and to be swept against them, or upon the shoals or shore on either side. The Lake stations are therefore generally situated on the inside of one of the piers, so that the life-boat can be let down into the smooth water between these. When the sea is so high that a boat cannot live in it, and the vessel is within seven hundred yards of the beach, the Lyle gun is used. This cannon shoots a line out to the ship, with which the hawser along which the life-car or breeches-buoy travels is drawn aboard. The illustration showing the working of this apparatus renders a description of it unnecessary.

The history of life-saving in England differs greatly from that of the service in this country; for the former is largely a history of the development of the life-boat from the "unimmergible boat" built by LIONEL LUKIN in 1789, to the self-righting, self-bailing boat now in use. The development of the life-boat has not played so important a part in our system, because all along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, which embrace a large majority of the stations—166 out of a total of 215—the time-honored surf-boat is in use. It is in all respects like the ordinary surf-boat daily launched and beached by the fishermen along these coasts, except for air-cases at the ends and along the interior sides to render it insubmergible. Because of its light weight and draught it is the most practicable craft for the flat beaches and shoaling waters of the coasts named, where the use of the heavier English boats would be impossible. It is a frail-looking craft of cedar, with white-oak frames, without keel, and about twenty-five feet in length. The surfmen have supreme confidence in its living powers, and it is their boast that in this boat, without the slightest aid from mechanical contrivance, with nothing but their own muscle and their skipper's judgment to depend upon, they will face any sea in which the best English boat can live. "In the hands of the skilled surfmen of our coast," writes Assistant Superintendent O'CONNOR, "it is capable of marvellous action, and few sights are more impressive than the passage out through the flashing breakers of the frail red boat, lightly swimming on the vast intumescence of the surge, held in suspension before the roaring and tumultuous comber, or darting forward as the wall of water breaks and crumbles, obedient to the oars of the impassive crew."

At the Lake stations and those on the Pacific coast the English life-boat is used, but in somewhat different fashion from the method of its use in England. There the boat is on a carriage, which is run into the water, and from which it is launched. On the Lake and Pacific coasts these boats are let down directly into the water by traps or inclined platforms. The surf-boats of the Atlantic and Gulf coasts are of course launched directly through the surf. The English life-boats are the result of nearly a century's evolution and survival of the fittest. LUKIN, who constructed the first life-boat, was a landlubber, a coach-builder. GEORGE IV., then Prince of Wales, and who in 1824 consented to become the patron of the National Institution, knew LUKIN, and agreed to bear the expense of his experiments. The coach-builder purchased a yawl, and added a projecting gunwale of cork to the upper frame, a water-tight compartment to the interior, and two water-tight compartments to the bow and stern, and fitted the boat with an iron keel. One boat was constructed on LUKIN's principle. A few years later the *Adventure* was wrecked at the mouth of the Tyne, and her crew lost. This disaster stimulated the people of South Shields to offer premiums for the best model of a life-boat. The boats selected for award were those of W. WOULDHAVE and H. GREATHEAD. The former had observed while helping to place a skeel of water on a woman's head that a piece of wooden dish which was floating on the water always righted itself. Its lines formed the model of his life-boat. GREATHEAD's boat had a curved keel, and it is no doubt owing to this decided improvement over previous models that he is now regarded as the inventor of the life-boat. In 1802, some two hundred lives having been saved in his boats, he applied to Parliament for a reward. Parliament voted him £1200; Trinity House £105; the Lloyds the same amount; the Society of Arts a gold medal and fifty guineas; while the Czar presented him with a diamond ring. Several of the boats built by GREATHEAD are still in use on the English coast, the oldest, which was built in 1802, belonging to the boatmen of Redcar. The Shields people, however, still fondly cling to the belief that the honor of inventing the life-boat belongs to WOULDHAVE, and from the chandelier of St. Hilda's church is suspended a model of his boat, while his tomb is surmounted by a life-boat and inscribed as follows:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
WILLIAM WOULDHAVE,
WHO DIED SEPT. 28TH, 1821,
AGED 70 YEARS,
Clerk of this Church,
and Inventor of that invaluable blessing
to mankind
THE LIFE-BOAT.

Heaven genius scientifick gave,
Surpassing vulgar boast; yet he from soil
So rich, no golden harvest reaped; no wreathe
Of laurel gleaned, nor but the sailors' heart,
Nor that ingrate. A Palm unfading this
Till shipwrecks cease, or life-boats cease to
Save.

It was not until 1852 that a boat on the present self-righting plan was introduced into the service. In 1850 the Duke of Northumberland having offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best model of a life-boat, and a like sum to defray the expense of building a boat from the model receiving the award, 280 models were sent in. That of JAMES BEECHING of Great Yarmouth received the prize, and he built a twelve-oared boat, 36 feet long, which was the first self-righting life-boat ever constructed, and has, with alterations made by PEAKE, formed the foundation of the boats since then supplied by the Institution, improvement after improvement, the inventions of different minds, having been added, until now the life-boat supplied by the Institution cannot be said to be after the design of any one person. As this boat is in use on the Lake and Pacific coasts and also at a few points on the Atlantic, where it can be launched in a bay and rowed or sailed out to sea—as at Sandy Hook (on the bay shore) and at Barnegat City—a description of it is as necessary to an account of our service as of England's. This boat is about 27 feet long by 7 feet broad, and 3 feet 8 inches deep, and weighs when empty 4000 pounds as compared to the 700 or 1000 pounds of our surf-boat. It is built of double diagonals of mahogany. Its self-righting and self-bailing characteristics are produced by peculiar methods of construction. Its self-righting power is due to a weighty false keel of iron, the result of which is the constant determination toward the water of the lower part of the boat, while air-cases scientifically distributed along the sides and at the ends give to the upper portion an equal determination from the water. The air-cases have sufficient buoyancy to float the boat should it be stove in and fill. Its power of self-bailing, *i. e.*, of automatically discharging the water shipped by the breaking of a sea or by being cast on its beam-ends, is accomplished by means of a water-tight deck so adjusted with reference to the vessel's draught as to be always above the load-line (the line to which the water rises along the boat's side). From this deck tubes extend vertically downward through the space between it and the floor. These tubes are fitted with valves opening only to the pressure downward of the water shipped by the boat, and resisting the pressure of water jetting through the tubes from below. Thus, whenever the vessel rises, those of the tubes whose openings at the bottom of the boat are out of water act as drains for the deck. The ballast is of cork. The boat is provided with two masts rigged with two lug-sails and a jib. At some points on the English coast the boat is moored to a float in the harbor, and is towed out by the tug to the near neighborhood of the wreck. The stowage of the life-boat gear is regarded as a matter of very great importance. Owing to the great space taken up by the self-righting and self-bailing contrivances, the stowage-room is small. Yet it is necessary to stow many articles so that they will not interfere with the free action of the crew. As a result, every bit of gear has a particular place assigned to it, and all the gear must be kept aboard always, so that nothing may be forgotten in the hurry of responding to a call for help. "It must be borne in mind," the instructions read, "that to have to row at even the slightest disadvantage in a heavy sea might give the mastery to the waves, and involve the loss of human life. If, for example, the ropes were not well coiled beneath the thwarts and clear of the foot-boards, the legs of the rowers would be cramped, the muscles of the back, chest, and arms could not work freely, and the results would be discomfort, early fatigue, and general inefficient action." The life-boat carriage is an important apparatus in England, as the launch is effected from it. It consists of a fore and main body. The latter is formed of a keel-way and of side or bilge ways attached to it, and resting on the main axle, the weight of the boat being entirely on the rollers of the keel-way. The weight of the boat when she is launched from the rear end forms an inclined plane by elevating the keel-way and fore-carriage. The bilge-ways enable the boat to be launched in an upright position with her crew aboard. The carriage is also useful in bringing the boat ashore. By means of the withdrawal of a forelock pin the end of the keel-way can be allowed to rest on the ground, thus forming an inclined plane up which the boat is easily drawn. Both the life-boats and the surf-boats in this country are provided with carriages, but not for launching or beaching purposes. They are used merely to transport the boat from the station to the scene of the wreck, a use to which they are also put in England.

Besides the life-boat described there are in use in England seventeen boats called the Norfolk and Suffolk life-boats, which form a distinct class. Twelve of them are exclusively sail-boats from 36 to 46 feet in length, and from 10½ to 12 feet in breadth. They have, besides ponderous iron keels, heavy water-ballast, in order to be enabled to work to windward in severe gales. In these they are often entirely submerged, the crew holding on by ridge-ropes rove through iron stanchions fixed to the gunwale. Mr. STANILAND, the artist who drew the illustrations of the English service accompanying this article, and to whom I am indebted for many of the facts concerning that service, states that these boats are usually worked by companies of beachmen, each member of the company buying a share in the yawls, punts, and gear, and taking his share of expenses and repairs, and also helping to work the life-boat. The rules which govern them make provision for widows, who are allowed to put in a man to work their share. He is called a widow's man, and divides his share of the earnings with the widow.

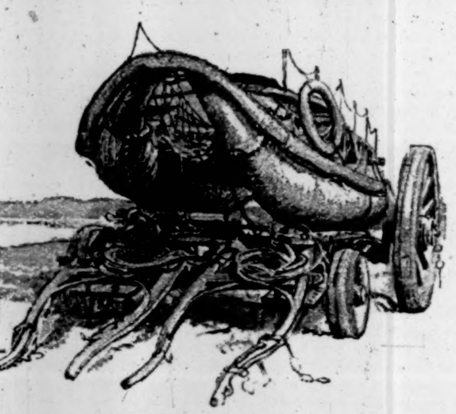
The launch of an English life-boat is effected, according to the rules of the Royal Institution, in the following manner: The carriage being in the water and each member of the crew sitting on his thwart with his oar over the side, ready to give way, the hauling-off ropes (the ropes for dragging the carriage out of the surf) are led up the beach and manned by the by-standers. One man attends to the rope by which the boat is secured to the carriage, ready to let it go. The coxswain gives the word to launch, the man at the securing rope lets it go, and as the hauling-off ropes are run up the beach with all possible speed the boat shoots off the carriage, the crew instantly giving way with their oars, so that the boat is under control before the surf can beat it back broadside to the shore, *as would be the case*, say the instructions, *if launching without the carriage*. The words from the English

THE LOOKOUT.

THROUGH THE SNOW.

LAUNCHING SELF-RIGHTING BOAT.

instructions which I have italicized are an unwitting tribute to the grand skill of our Atlantic and Gulf surfmen, who launch their frail surf-boats directly into the surf, pitting their muscle against the fury of the breakers. Mr. STANILAND graphically describes the scene ashore after the life-boat gun has aroused an English coast village or town from its slumbers: "A cheer, a crack of whips growing louder and coming nearer, herald the approach of the life-boat on its carriage, drawn by four sturdy cart-horses, and urged forward by the willing shoulders of its followers through the deep sand and heavy shingle. Slowly but surely it comes on. Then, with a wheel round at the edge of the boiling surf, she is backed with her bow to the sea, the horses are detached, and volunteers speedily man the launching ropes. Her crew tumble aboard, and, after a short wait for sufficient water, they run the rope up the beach, and away goes the life-boat through the boiling surf and a general smother on her errand of mercy, leaving behind her a sickness of heart among the wives and relatives of the life-boat men. Will they ever return again? Hour after hour passes. It *is* cold; the coldest hour that comes before the dawn has come and passed. The gray cold light from the east lights up the drawn faces of the wives and mothers with a ghastly pallor, showing up their set lips and eyes weary and red with watching. But there is no sign. The veterans who (too old for active service) have remained on the beach after assisting in the launch gather under any little lee (as an upturned boat or a groyne), with their glasses wearily scan the horizon, and as dolefully shake their heads. The faces of the women, watching theirs, take if possible a more ashen and hopeless tinge (your salted veteran is usually a pessimist, does not take cheerful views, has a general notion that any one who goes out in a boat without *him* is a youngster, a greenhorn, and will infallibly be drowned).

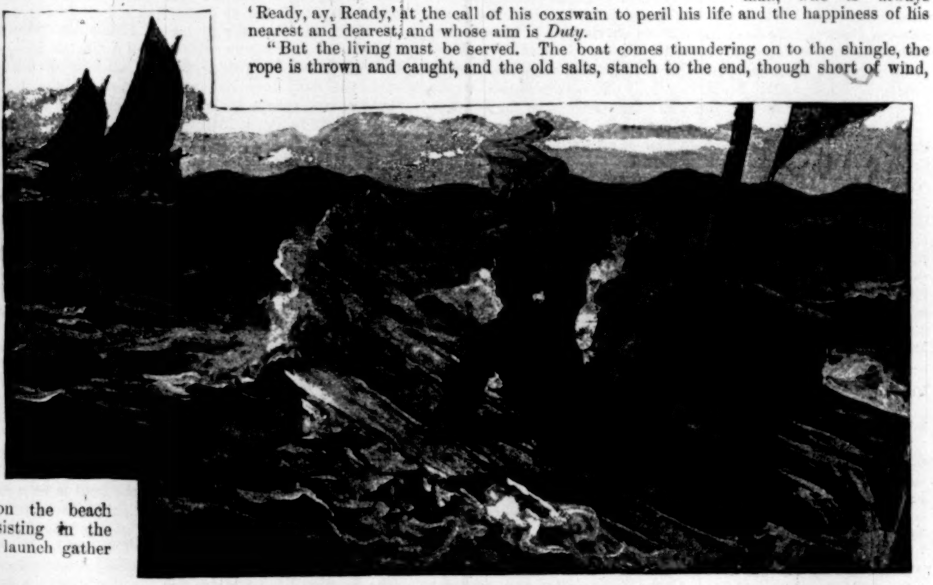


TUBULAR BOAT.

"The light grows and grows. Old boats and wreckage on the beach take mysterious, not to say ghastly forms, but the glasses reveal no secrets to weary watchers.

"At last a comparatively young old salt (about sixty-five) gives a shout, 'There she is!' another salt (about eighty) says, 'Oh, it's only young Ephraim; he's no 'count'; but in the end young Ephraim is right. A mere dot, a speck on the horizon, she is seen laboring toward the shore. Four or five miles away, it is only as she rises on the crest of a surging wave that she can be discerned. As she sinks into the hollow, a long-drawn 'Ah!' rises up from each of the watchers, whose sight is hawk-like enough to detect the speck on the waste of waters. Will she rise once more? She rises, she falls, and rises again, and in the end fetches the beach once more. She brings back a rescued crew of six; but, alas! she also brings tidings of four of the shipwrecked crew drowned, and, worse news for the weary watchers on shore, of two of the life-boat crew washed out of the boat and drowned before their impotent fellows' eyes; and a shriek goes up from a young wife on the dreary beach, and evil tidings are borne to an old mother, whose only comfort and support has gone down into the remorseless maw of the ever-hungry sea. Such are the chances and perils of a life-boat man, who is always 'Ready, ay, Ready,' at the call of his coxswain to peril his life and the happiness of his nearest and dearest, and whose aim is *Duty*.

"But the living must be served. The boat comes thundering on to the shingle, the rope is thrown and caught, and the old salts, stanch to the end, though short of wind, lay hold of it, and run her up out of the reach of the surf. The carriage is again backed, the life-boat run up on to it, and is driven to its house, ready for the next call; the saved go home to rejoice, and, alas! the mourners to weep."



A TIMELY RESCUE.

Scenes like these are rarely enacted on our coast. Only on the Lake shores, where some of the stations are near cities or towns, are the life-saving operations apt to be watched by a large concourse of people, or apt to be furthered by assistance from volunteers. Most of the sea-coast and Gulf stations are isolated. For instance, nearly all those on the remarkable beach formation referred to are on strips of sand separated by miles of water from the settlements on the main shore. No crowd gathers to cheer and aid the life-savers. The scene is all sternness—a strip of sand resounding under the thrash of the sea, the frail surf-boat pointed bow on toward the hissing surf, eight stalwart men at her gunwale awaiting the skipper's command, and, revealed at intervals by flashes of lightning, the outlines of a wreck against a black, tempestuous background. The wives and mothers in distant homes hear with heavy hearts the storm raging without. It may be days before tidings come from the beach—days of heart-aches and suspense and of dread forebodings only too often verified.

Mr. STANILAND thus pictures some of the hardships of the English life-boat man's duties:

HOME AGAIN.

THE METHODS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

"Let those of us," he says, "who feel it a hardship to go out on a winter's day picture to ourselves the case of a life-boat man called out in the middle of a winter's night, say 1 or 2 A.M. He leaves his warm bed and his sleeping household, not knowing whether he may ever see them again; he plods his way through the falling snow to the Life-boat House; a telegram, or mounted messenger, has arrived to say that a vessel is ashore five miles to the westward of the station; the wind is westerly, or northwesterly; no good to attempt a beat to windward in a dark night and a driving snow; nothing for it but to obtain additional horses, and make up one's mind to a dreary plod over the cliffs, in the teeth of the wind, blinded by the snow and frozen by the cold, then, after a heavy drag and much putting one's shoulder to the wheel, to arrive at a gap to windward of the ill-fated ship, and by hook or by crook get the boat through the gap down to the beach, and then launch her through the surf into a boiling sea, and off through the darkness to the wreck."

Under our Government Life-Saving system the sleeping household, the plodding to the Life-boat House, and the telegram or mounted messenger are usually eliminated. The American life-saver is isolated from his family except when on leave of absence. He is obliged to live at the station, where the entire crew (and only the crew) have their quarters, and are always in readiness to respond to the call for help sounded by the surfman who, while on patrol, has discovered a vessel in distress. Thus, mariners wrecked off the coast of the United States can feel, not only that an effort to rescue them will be made *if they are discovered*, but also that all along the coast men are tramping, with their eyes seaward, on the lookout for signals of distress. Of course on our Lake coast, where the stations are far apart, telegrams and mounted messengers come into play, and the "five miles to the westward" dwindle to insignificance compared to the sixty miles travelled by one of the Lake crews, as narrated later on.

I have familiarized myself with the routine of the Life-Saving Service of this country by a sojourn at the station at Sandy Hook, one of the oldest and most important stations on the coast. Its crew patrol not only the sea-beach, but in bad weather also the bay shore

If Captain TREVONIAN H. PATTERSON is a specimen of the keepers employed along the coast, they must be experts. He has lived at Sandy Hook since he was one year old, knows every inch of the beach, and is as familiar with the Romer, False Hook, Oil Spot, and other treacherous shoals as he is with the plank walk leading from the station to the Ordnance dock. His surfmen, GEORGE MILLIKIN, ALVIN MOUNT, THOMAS TRUAX, FREDERICK NEWMAN, SAMUEL VAN BRUNT, EDWARD WORTH, and EDWARDS, a son of "Captain Jack" of No. 2, are bronzed and stalwart toilers of the sea, ready to tramp the beach night after night through the turmoil of winter storms. The crew is one of the youngest, but one of the most efficient, in the service. Though the station is situated among the hummocks some distance from the beach, I have seen the gun run down and gotten ready to be discharged in one minute, and the life-boat ready to be launched in one minute and a half. From sunrise until sundown there was always a man on the roof as lookout, and in thick weather the beach was as regularly patrolled during the day as during the night. At sundown, surfmen Nos. 1 and 2 began the patrol of the beach in opposite directions, the one patrolling southward tramping until he met the northward patrol from station No. 2, with whom he exchanged checks, the other patrolling northward to the fog-signal near the East Beacon, where there is a watchman's clock. The checks and the clock keep a record of the surfmen's faithful performance of duty. At 8 o'clock surfmen Nos. 3 and 4 went on patrol until midnight; at midnight Nos. 5 and 6 until 4 A.M., when Nos. 1 and 2 again went on until 6 A.M. Each surfman carried Coston signals in a leather satchel, with which to warn vessels against danger, or notify vessels in distress that they have been discovered. The station belongs to the Fourth District, in which the value of vessels and cargo "assisted" annually exceeds the value of those succored in any other district. Last year the value of vessels and cargoes saved in the Fourth District was $552,030, exceeding that of the next ranking district by nearly $100,000.

Near the light-house at Sandy Hook, the main light, is a grave-yard, where the dead given up by the sea are buried. An old head-stone bears the following inscription telling a story of shipwreck and death:

CAPT. JAMES SWAN,
OF CAPE MAY,
AGED 49 YEARS,
was wrecked and drowned,
together with his sons
WILLIAM AND JAMES
and three other men,
AT SANDY HOOK,
January 23d, A.M., *1808.*

Our life-saving crews have often gone to the rescue of the shipwrecked at great peril to themselves, and not infrequently their heroism has caused a loss to the service of some of its most daring surfmen. A peculiarly pitiful disaster befell the crew of the Barnegat Life-Saving Station on the 11th of February, 1886. On the morning of that day the Austrian bark *Kraljevica* struck on the south side of Barnegat Shoals. The captain and his crew of fourteen made off in the long boat. It capsized, and only the captain and five of the sailors reached shore. In the heavy fog nothing of the station, about a mile above, was to be seen, and therefore the castaways sought shelter in a gunner's hut which they discovered among the beach-hills. There they found fuel, matches, water, and food; and having partially revived themselves, they fell into a deep sleep.

Just before the bark's crew left her they burned a flash light, and the patrols of the Barnegat station had reported flashes dimly discernible in the offing. It was then too thick for the men to determine whether the flashes were signals or distant lightning; but a steady watch was kept in their direction, and when day dawned keeper RIDGWAY and surfman JOHN I. SOPER caught a glimpse through the fog of a bark on the shoals. RIDGWAY summoned his crew, and in spite of the high sea tumbling in from the northeast, which would, of course, make the passage through the breakers over the shoals a trial of strength between human ingenuity and muscle and the fury of the ocean, he gave the order to launch. The men, when they had succeeded in pulling to within fifty yards of the wreck, became convinced that she had been abandoned. Before then, already the boat had several times been half swamped. As it seemed impossible to run in before the breaking seas, RIDGWAY decided to back in toward the beach. This proving slow work, owing to the almost exhausted condition of the crew, the keeper swiftly slued the boat around, and a dash was made for the beach. The boat was half-way from the wreck when, to the horror of those watching from the shore, a huge wave raised its crest close astern. The craft seemed to vanish in the hollow of the billow, as though the jaws of some monster of the deep had closed upon it; and when it reappeared it was rolling over and over like a log. The men were thrown out in all directions, and three of them perished in the breakers. The catastrophe is the sadder because the sacrifice of life was unnecessary. While this tragedy was being enacted, the castaways were quietly slumbering in the gunner's hut: and until they emerged the next day it was believed that every soul aboard the wreck had perished.

One of the most noteworthy cases of succor in the history of our service was that afforded to the steamer *Protection* by the crew of the St. Joseph station, Lake Michigan, over sixty miles distant from the point of the wreck. The calamities on the Lakes usually occur with appalling suddenness, the calm waters being in a few minutes lashed into a raging sea. The *Protection* started of a bright moonlight night in November. 1883, from St. Joseph, Michigan, with the schooner *Arab* in tow. The *Arab* was leaking from recent disaster, and at four o'clock in the morning sank in a half-perpendicular position. As the *Protection* backed, the screw caught the tow-line, which twirled up around it and stopped the engine. No sooner had the steamer become thus disabled than the wind began to blow stiffly and the sea to rise. In the storm which suddenly swept over the Lake, another steamer which had come to the *Protection's* aid was herself disabled; and the *Protection* at 9 A.M. was drifting about half a mile off the town of Saugatuck. As a last desperate means of saving the vessel from being dashed to pieces on the shoals the captain dropped anchor. The shrieking of her whistles soon summoned a great throng of people to the shore. Veteran boatmen agreed that no life-boat could live in such a sea. A telegram was sent to the Life-Saving Station at Grand Haven, but the crew was at a wreck nine miles to the southward. A despatch was then sent to keeper WILLIAM L. STEVENS of the St. Joseph Station. Though sixty miles from Saugatuck, STEVENS immediately responded to the call. In a couple of hours he had arranged with the Chicago & West Michigan Railroad for the transportation of the apparatus and crew. To reach Saugatuck required, besides the railroad trip, the passage of two dangerous streams, and it was 5 P.M. before the life-saver could reach the scene of the disaster. The vessel was out of firing range, and nothing could be done except to get the apparatus ready for use in case the ship should part her hawser and drift shoreward.

At 6 P.M. the storm increased in fury, and flurries of snow thickened the air. Three hours later a piercing shriek of the steamer's whistle told that she had parted her hawser, and had begun her drift toward certain destruction. Keeper STEVENS calculated that the vessel would strike on the shoals off the beach about half a mile south of the piers. Thither through the roaring gale and driving snow the gun-cart was dragged with Herculean effort. Fires were kindled on the beach, and as the flames strained in the wind their light was reflected far out over the raging sea by the white sand-hills back of the beach. Into this weird glare the steamer drifted, staggering and quivering as the tempest beat against her, until she went with a crash on the outer bar. The sea burst over her, smashing the pilot-house and half filling the hull. In the furious sea the vessel gradually labored over the bar, nearer toward shore. At 10 o'clock the gun was trained upon her, and the second shot carried the line directly amidships, where it was caught, and by half past eleven the rescue had been effected. Some of the incidents in this exploit, especially the distance travelled by the crew, are unparalleled in the record of our service or that of England.

There is one crew in the United States Life-saving Service whose duties are peculiar, and, I believe, unique. It is a river crew. The station to which it belongs is at Louisville, near the Falls of the Ohio. It renders assistance every year to numerous steamboats, skiffs, flats, shanty-boats, coal-fleets, and yachts who meet with disaster above or below the Falls or in attempting to go over them. One of the most dramatic rescues effected by Capt. DEVAN and his crew was that of the passengers and crew of the *James D. Parker*, an episode which gives an excellent idea of the importance of this station. The *Parker*, a well-known river boat, attempted the passage over the Falls before a great crowd which had gathered to witness it. The boat left the wharf amid cheers, which soon died away, the crowd watching the *Parker* with breathless interest as she steamed up the river, rounded to, straightened herself grandly for the descent into the chute, swept majestically past, and went over the dam into the rapids. For a few moments she held her course superbly. Suddenly she sheered to the left, and began to wabble. In a moment her bow seemed to plunge into the water; she careened to starboard, her smoke-stacks toppled over, and a steam-cloud burst from her like a blast from a volcano. Through this cloud tongues of flame burst, fire having broken out aboard. The steamer parted from stem to waist, and all to be seen of her was a mass of splintered timbers, bales, boxes, spars, and rigging nearly submerged by water, two grim, black smoke-stacks hanging obliquely from it, and a broken slant of hurricane deck crowded with desperate people, some filling the air with a tumult of shrieks heard above the roaring waters as they rushed through and alongside the wreck, others battling with the flames.

The life-savers, having heard of the steamer's venture, were on the lookout; and the *Parker* had hardly begun to veer before the life-boats *Reckless* and *Ready* were leaping through the water under strokes that made the strakes quiver and the oars bend like blades of Damascus steel. They tore straight over the dam and down the chute in the wake of the sinking hull, and were alongside of her immediately after she sank. A cabin door, wrenched from its hinges, was utilized as a gangway plank; and, first with the women and children, the boats were rushed on, trip after trip, between the wreck and the Indiana shore. All the passengers and much of their baggage were saved; and during the three following days Captain DEVAN and his crew assisted in saving about $5000 worth of cargo. Louisville rang with the praises of the life-savers, and the passengers presented them with a superb water-service, the rescuers having refused all pecuniary rewards offered. For instance, a passenger offered one of the crew, named TULLY, $25 for the recovery of a valise. TULLY rowed out to the wreck, and brought the valise ashore, but refused the twenty-five dollars.

The record of the American Life-saving Service is graced with the name of a girl, EDITH MORGAN, of Hamlin, Michigan, the daughter of Captain MORGAN of the Grand Point Au Sable Station. She once pulled with her father and two brothers, during a furious storm, to the rescue of two men who were clinging to a capsized boat some three miles out in the lake. On another occasion she stood for six hours upon an ice-bank, in snow a foot and a half deep, helping the men to tug at the whip-line until eighteen shipwrecked sailors had been landed. The silver medal of the service has been awarded to her. The English service also has a system of awards.

The Royal Institution also has its record of heroic rescues and appalling tragedies. During the last year for which a report has been rendered, 1886, the service sustained the worst loss in its annals. The life-boats of Southport and St. Anne's, having been launched in response to signals of distress from the same vessel in a furious storm, were both capsized, and twenty-seven out of twenty-nine life-savers perished. Thirty thousand pounds were subscribed in England and on the Continent for the families of the dead heroes. It is greatly to England's credit that although it has no Government life-saving service, the families of the life-savers who have perished in the performance of duties have always been liberally provided for. In this country, the provision made for those who were dependent for support upon the life-savers disabled or lost while on service is scant; nor is the compensation of keepers and surfmen at all commensurate with the hardships and perils involved in the performance of their duties; and it is ridiculously small compared to the value of the property saved annually through the Service. Yet notwithstanding the inadequacy of the compensation of its keepers and surfmen, the merits of the American life-saving system have been steadily growing into bolder and bolder relief. It has been asserted by eminent foreign official authority that it excels all other systems of the kind, and application has frequently been made to our Government for the assistance of officers of our service in extending the American system to the coasts of Europe and of European possessions. A comparison between the work accomplished under our system and that of England readily shows the superiority of our organization. Being under one head, the work of our service is systematic and thorough; and through its special feature of patrol surfmen have in this one line of their duties saved property into the millions by warning off vessels which were approaching dangerous shoals. From the organization of the English service, in 1824, to the end of 1886, a period of sixty-two years, 32,671 persons have been saved. Since the establishment of our service in 1871, a period of only seventeen years, it has saved 34,883 persons, or 2212 more than were saved by the English service in sixty-two years. At the end of the year 1886 the fleet of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution comprised 293 life-boats, by the aid of which 601 lives and thirty-six vessels were saved. The scope of our service for the year ending May, 1887, was far more comprehensive, though its fleet comprised only 215 boats. During this year 6272 lives and 393 vessels were saved; and 210 vessels, in addition to this number, were warned off before they were stranded. The property saved by the service during this year amounted to $5,881,735. The total value of the property saved by our service since its organization is $47,330,993. Of the fifty-five persons lost within the jurisdiction of the service last year, twenty-two perished by the capsizing of the ship's boat and the surf-boat together while the people were being transferred from one to the other, twenty-one by the breaking up of the vessels, eight in attempting to land in their own boats, and seven from various causes, such as exposure and freezing. For the statistics of our service for the last year I am indebted to General Superintendent KIMBALL, the report not having yet been published.

As the work of the Royal Life-boat Institution is supplemented by the stores and provisions supplied to the stations by the Shipwrecked Sailors' and Mariners' Society, so the work of our service in relieving the distress of those it has rescued is greatly aided by the Woman's National Relief Association, a society with headquarters at Washington and auxiliary branches in several States, which aims at dispensing benevolence in all cases of national distress, but gives especial attention to the shipwrecked. It annually supplies many of the stations with clothing and cordials for the rescued. Some idea of its work may be obtained from its record during the last year. It replenished the depleted stores of thirty-three stations and supplied one, and it administered to the wants of shipwrecked mariners on twenty-five different occasions.

GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

OFF TO THE SAILORS' HOME, YARMOUTH.